Saturday Night

MAY 12TH 1956 TEN CENTS

Red Confusion In Canada

BY HARRY RASKY

Freud's Curious Offspring

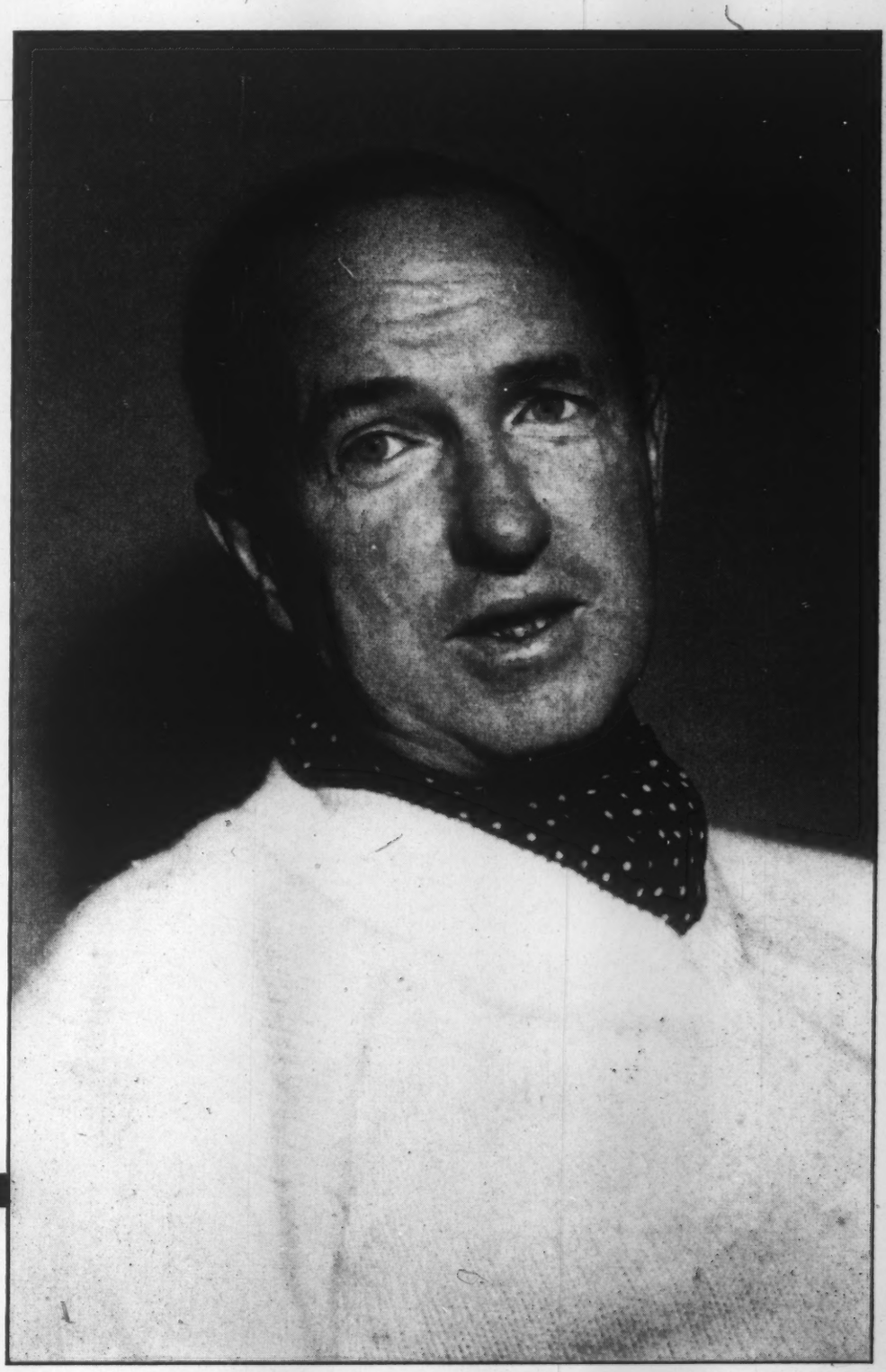
BY JOHN A. IRVING

Comic Capers On Camera

BY WALTER DALES

Spring Book Reviews

Edited by
ROBERTSON DAVIES



Morley Callaghan: Page 21

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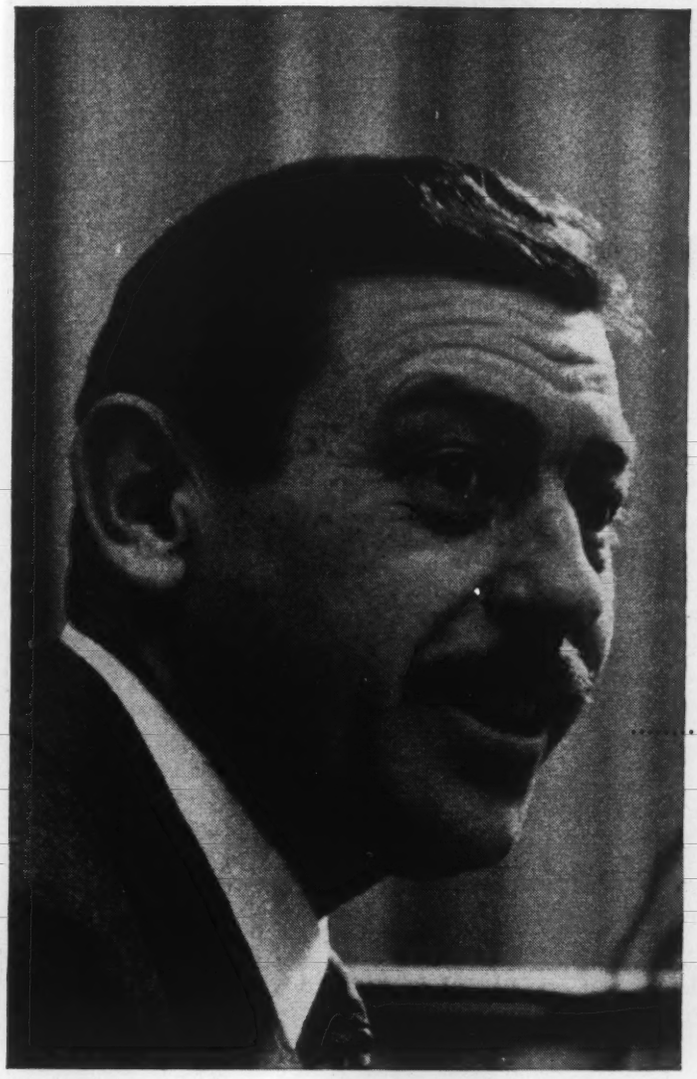

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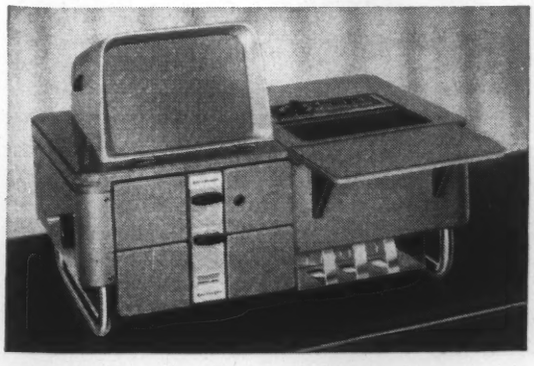

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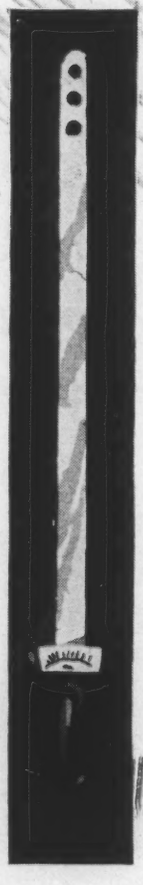

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THE FRONT PAGE

- Politics and U.S. Investment
- Pickersgill's Split Personality
- Poodles and Luncheons
- Experiments in Brainwashing

Triangle at Ottawa

WHAT makes a good story is conflict, and the favorite story-telling device to get conflict is to arrange characters and motives in triangles. There is such a device already operating in Ottawa, and the developing story should be a good one. In addition to the conflict between the political parties, there is the triangle whose points are the Progressive Conservative party, the U.S. Ambassador to Canada and the uneasy surge of nationalist sentiment in the country.

The first chapter was written before the retiring U.S. Ambassador, Douglas Stuart, made his blunt speech about Canadian fears of American investment in this country. His successor, Livingston Merchant, had already been named. Announcement of Mr. Merchant's appointment thickened the plot: Washington was sending one of its best professional diplomats to Ottawa, and the obvious reason was that Washington, beset with troubles in other parts of the world, wanted to make sure that Canada at least would continue to be a good neighbor.

What Mr. Stuart said at Vancouver was only good sense. The fact is that Canada needs foreign investment. But he made one mistake. He quoted from a speech by George Drew, who has been busy putting a Conservative saddle on the nationalist hobby-horse. That meant that Mr. Stuart was sticking his tongue into domestic politics, a bad breach of diplomatic etiquette. Mr. Merchant will undoubtedly be more subtle, but he will still have to face the same fears and accusations that Mr. Stuart confronted so boldly and, indeed, effectively.

The new ambassador's task would be more formidable if the Conservative leadership were strong and smart. Fortunately for him, it isn't. It is fumbling and bumbling. It sees the possibilities of a campaign against "American influence" but doesn't know what to do with it. Mr. Drew, for instance, says he's not against American investment in Canada; he only thinks it, and the use of Canadian resources, should be better controlled. But he's very vague on how this is to be done, and he opposed the Federal Government's one effort (the magazine advertising tax) to make Canada less of a "happy hunting ground for American entrepreneurs" — to quote one of his supporters. In other words, Mr. Drew doesn't seem to know just what he's for or against — and this at a time when Liberal decay offers an unusual opportunity to a vigorous, constructive Opposition.

There are the characters, and the plot unfolds. The hero may turn out to be Mr. Merchant. At least he has a good motive going for him — few Canadians are inclined to let sentiment interfere with their money making.

Douglas Stuart (left) and Livingston Merchant: To quiet old fears.

The Next Voice

FOR SOME months now the Deity has been getting popular treatment on the air waves. The song writers, apparently scenting a trend towards revivalism, have been turning out religious numbers in the style of Tin Pan Alley, and listeners have gradually become accustomed to hearing God (He, The Man Upstairs, Somebody Up There, etc.) described in yearning juke box terms. Even so, it was a bit of a shock the other evening to see a television comic step forward and, reverently composing his features, go into a rather lively arrangement of The Lord's Prayer. To complicate matters, an electronic disturbance developed, convulsing both screen and comic. The disturbance, which came up without warning and vanished at the end of the number, added an impressive touch, almost as though it were His comment on the whole performance.

Inspiration for May 18

A MESSAGE from the Department of Citizenship and Immigration informs us that "by Government decision, Friday, May 18 has been set aside this year to mark the observance of Citizenship Day". It was suggested, too, that "you might wish to make reference to the observance . . . perhaps in the form of a short inspirational message". This we are only too happy to

do. Let us all pause here and be inspired by thoughts about Canadian citizenship.

The pause would be longer and more refreshing if one were able to think only of citizenship and not of immigration. Unfortunately, the strange ways of the Department that embraces both activities make that impossible. Citizenship, in fact, has been kicked around by the poobahs of immigration.

Courts in Vancouver and Toronto have sharply criticized the Department's procedures; newspapers in city after city have publicized the stupidities of immigration officials and their rulings. But the Minister, Mr. Pickersgill, goes on as if his Department were beyond reproach.

A typical example of the Department's methods is the case of Henry Plukker, the Dutch musician invited to conduct the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra. Early this year, the Department informed Mr. and Mrs. Plukker (now in Calgary) that they could not "satisfy the requirements for landing as immigrants for permanent residence". There was an appeal, whereupon the Plukkers were told that they still were not good enough to be considered prospective citizens, but that if the people running Calgary's orchestra thought Mr. Plukker's talents were needed for a new season, he could stay for another year. In the meantime, the Plukker children have applied for and been given permission to come to Canada to live. Why the Plukkers (senior) are not "desirable" has not been explained by the Department. They want to stay, and Calgary wants them to stay. Where is the sense in all this? If Mr. Plukker is not too dangerous a character to stay in this country for a year, it follows that he's a fairly safe bet for any number of years.

Perhaps the Minister of Citizenship can persuade the Minister of Immigration to shake up his Department. That would be the most inspiring message we could get for Citizenship Day.

The Lost Time

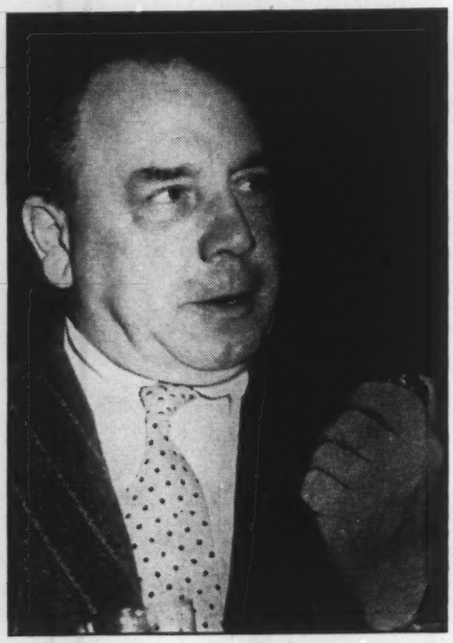
WHILE hypnotists have been playing around with age regression, medical men have not been twiddling their thumbs. One scientist is using electrical impulses to help mental patients recover the past, and some Swedish researchers report finding a drug that can take the user as far back in life as two years of age.

All this doesn't mean, of course, that either drug or electrical impulse will enable a patient to live simultaneously on two planes of time. Place and incident may flash back in vivid detail, but no adult, however stimulated, can fully recapture the thought and feeling of childhood. That world is forever closed, vanishing behind us with each dissolving frame of reference. The child's universe, in its pure form, is almost without reference, a mad and fascinating world free of formalism and colored with mysterious non-sequiturs.

A bit of dialogue that is strictly out of the world of childhood was passed on to us the other day by the mother of two small girls. "I don't like Mummy much, do you?" asked the first. "No," the other said, "but she has a sweet little hat."

For a Free Lunch

THE BEST thing that has happened to the Canadian luncheon circuit in years was J. B. Priestley. The freshness he brought to the solemn sessions of dull food and duller talk caused no more than a fleeting swirl in the smug-filled atmosphere, but



J. B. Priestley: Wouldn't play.

it was brisk enough to raise goose pimples of indignation on skins that have for too long been soothed with self-flattery. It should happen more often.

Mr. Priestley's best performance was at a literary luncheon in Toronto. The ruffled feelings of the city's more complacent celebrity-collectors, professional gossips and cultural hangers-on still have not settled.

The luncheon was one of a series put on by a book-selling firm as a promotional stunt. Tickets are sold, and the speaker's reward is his knowledge that he may be helping to sell some books. The better huckster he is, the more successful the luncheon. For the promoters, it's a pretty cozy arrangement. For the paying guests, it's worthwhile if they can settle into their after-lunch torpor and not have their digestions or their minds unduly disturbed. For the performer—well, it's a chance to talk without being interrupted, and there's always the free lunch.

Mr. Priestley, however, wouldn't play. He was irritated, and with good reason. He had been jostled by name-droppers, put into the absurd head-table parade, clumsily introduced and informed that he was to sign autographs after his speech—which, someone apparently suggested to him, he keep short. He complied with the last request. He spoke for 12 minutes, several of which he used to remark on the crudity of his treatment. Sensibly, he refused the chore of autographing.

For all this, he was condemned as a boor, a stuck-up foreigner and so on. Mr. Priestley was a bum, simply because he acted like a man with a mind of his own instead of a pet poodle begging for a bone—this in the city that brags about being the centre of Canada's cultural activity.

Fortunately, it cannot be taken as a revelation of Canadian manners. It is, rather, a comment on the literary luncheon and what some Canadians expect writers to do to earn a living.

The Brain Alone

CRITICISM of the brainwashing experiments at McGill University is trivial. The experiments by the Defence Research Board were worthwhile if they did nothing more than enlarge our understanding of what the Communists can do to captives; if they lead to a defence against such techniques, they will have been invaluable. Moreover, the results have much more than military significance.

What was demonstrated at McGill was the frightening inability of the human brain to withstand isolation. A man can live apart from other human beings without losing his reason, as long as his body is not confined. Alone, in a cell, with nothing but the resources of his own mind to occupy him, he falls apart.

The volunteers who stayed in the brainwashing cubicles at McGill found that hallucination replaced reality. The walls of the cells became covered with strange patterns, the air seemed filled with sounds. Physical movement and conversation were not enough to dispel the visions or end the noise. At first, solving mental problems restored reality, but after some days this became too much of an effort.

Solitary confinement is still used as a punishment for stubborn criminals. The experiments suggest that it may do a lot more harm than good. Work that keeps a man in the virtual isolation of monotonous, repetitive motion may be a mild form of brainwashing that leaves him receptive to just the most infantile sort of intellectual stimulus after the work is done. These are only two practical considerations. Above all, there is the humbling knowledge that the brain of man, wonderful as it is, loses its power and becomes a thing of fantasy and fear when left to itself.

What do you do—and say—when the family idol comes crashing down? Communists here waited for Big Brother in Moscow to replace the Father (Stalin) Image.

Party Leader Tim Buck: The ghost of Stalin still hovered in the background.

Red Confusion in Canada

by Harry Rasky

PITY THE POOR Canadian Communist: the party line has changed again.

The startling purge of their dead idol, Josef Stalin, has forced them into the position of doing an almost complete about face. Compare them, if you like, to a young boy who has never met his father, but has been told by a brother who raised him that his father is the greatest of all men. Three years after the father has died, the brother suddenly announces that the father was a traitor, a coward and a murderer. With father Stalin dead, Big Brothers in Moscow now have informed the young brothers in Canada that most everything they have been told to date just wasn't true. And Canadian Communists, with a minimum of embarrassment and a maximum of dexterity, are accepting the new Russian revelations like divine words.

There can be little doubt the Moscow words were slow in coming, and for a time the LPP leaders were as stunned as anyone else, probably more so. Trying to get a fair statement from them, we ran into a web of evasion. The grizzly-voiced woman who answered "National Office" said that Tim Buck couldn't be reached; he was out of the country and would be back soon.

"When will he be back?"

"Soon. We don't know when."

"But he's the leader of your Party. Surely you must know when your leader will be back?"

"That's all I can tell you."

For two weeks we called back, every second day. During that time, we were told by Stewart Smith, A. A. McLeod and Leslie Morris, all party bosses, that Buck wasn't back. But a check with the RCMP showed not only that he was back in Canada, but that he was in Toronto, and had been for a week. Confronted with this fact, and told we had been deliberately lied to, national organizer Leslie Morris promised he would "try and arrange something".

Next day, the grizzly-voiced woman called back. "Mr. Morris says no interview will be possible."

No one would offer an explanation as to why Mr. Buck's whereabouts should be such a mystery.

The only Communist from whom we were able to get anything better than a "no" was the sometime-friendly, former member of the Ontario Legislature, J. B. Salsberg. Salsberg is man who has a sense of humor about anything but communism.

"What do you think about the new status of Stalin?" we asked.

"I only know what I read in the papers."

"We have a few quotes from a speech you made in the Ontario legislature about Stalin on March 7, 1953." (At that time Salsberg said, "Stalin was one of the great personalities of our times . . . one of the foremost thinkers of our imes . . . a lover of peace".)

With a smile, "A man's past really does follow him. I really have nothing to say."

"But don't you find the line confusing?"

A little irritated, "It is not confusing to me."

(L. to r.) Comrades Smith, Salsberg and McLeod: Party line under repair.

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"But if it is not confusing, why not talk about it? You've never been short of opinions before."

"Really, you can read all you want in the *Canadian Tribune.*"

"That's your last word?"

"Yes."

The *Tribune,* we discovered, was having a tough time too. On its editorial page on March 26, a little red of face, it observed, "Naturally, some of the disclosures have come as a shock to many people to whom Stalin was, as we in Canada have always assumed, the embodiment of the collective leadership of the CPSU".

By April 9, its editorial page was confined to safer subjects—the Trans-Canada pipeline, for example. At that point it was party protocol to carry *Pravda's* opinion.

Pravda once carried this ode: "Oh, great Stalin, Oh, leader of the people, You who created man, You who populated the earth."

By April 9, *Pravda* had other things to say about the late, but now unlamented, Josef Stalin. This is a direct quotation: "Stalin's disregard of the standards of Party life and of the principle of collective Party leadership, the frequent personal decisions taken by him, led to the distortion of Party principles and Party democracy, to the violation of revolutionary law, to unjustified repression."

With the new catch-phrase "down with the cult of the individual" properly memorized, the *Tribune* carried explanations of the new policy, so members would know what to answer when asked "What's My Line". So full of information about the "epoch-making" event was the paper that it had to apologize in one corner: "Boys and Girls: we are very sorry that we couldn't start your corner this week. But we promise you that next week in this space, your corner will appear. We will tell you about some games that you can make yourself for your next party."

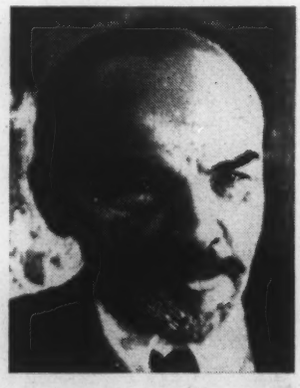
True to its word, the paper did carry the children's corner. And on April 16, while on page six it explained to young Communists "how to collect stamps", Tim Buck—strangely silent till then, considering he was in Moscow at the time of the revelations—explained on pages four and five "lessons of the 20th CPSU Congress".

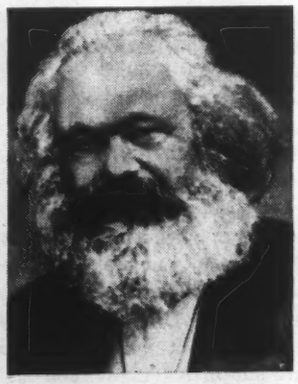
Buck is known as a quiet man. At 65, he has a longer record of unbroken command than the leader of any national Communist party, including the now expurgated Stalin. And he is not new to the business of speedy tune-changing. For instance: September 9, 1939, he wired Mackenzie King, in the name of the Party, a pledge of "full support". By September 17, when Russia joined Hitler, he had a change of mind and wrote (from underground), "The Mackenzie King government and the bankers . . . are now promoters of an imperialist war". By June 22, 1941, when Germany attacked Russia, he flipped again. His war cry: "Canada is in mortal danger!"

While choirs sang "Song to a Departed Hero" and "Cantata about Stalin" and several thousand of the party faithful watched (at $2 a ticket) in Toronto's Massey Hall on March 10, 1953, Buck raised his voice in praise to "a great friend . . . the people's guide to peace . . . our magnificent comrade". Stalin was dead . . . but not forgotten.

In the *Tribune* last month he swivelled once again. Of Stalin's leadership he said, "Such concentration of authority in the hands of one person, no matter who, contradicted the principles of collectivity which is fundamental to a Leninist party. Aside from the multiplied danger of error . . . it was bound to generate elements of complacency as well as hero worship. It could do but harm."

No wonder we couldn't get Tim Buck on the phone: the party line was busy being repaired.

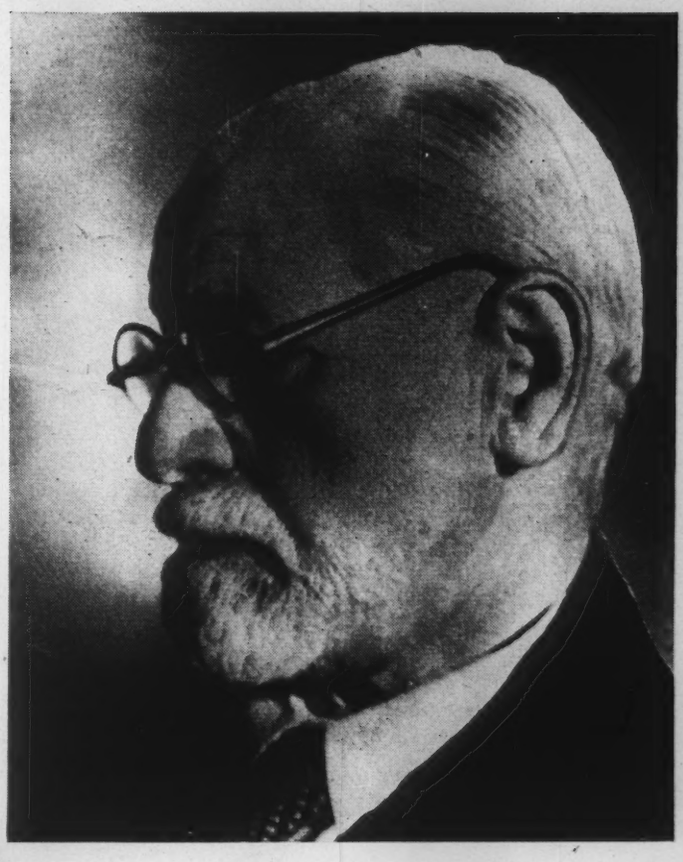




The 20th Congress of the Communist Party in Moscow resolutely denounced the cult of the individual—Stalin—as alien to the spirit of founder Karl Marx (r.) and Lenin (l.).

Sigmund Freud: Strange Heritage

Every so often a man is born who, by the depth of his insight, by some magnificent effort of will or flash of intuition, enlarges man's knowledge of himself and his world. Such a man was Sigmund Freud, born May 6, 1856 in Moravia, to the young second wife of a middle-aged wool-dealer. A hundred years is still too soon to measure the full impact or value of his original thinking, but his immortality seems assured. Poor but persevering, often despised but rarely dejected, astounded by the workings of his own mind but never afraid of its conclusions, he opened the dark and labyrinthian reaches of man's intellect and spirit.

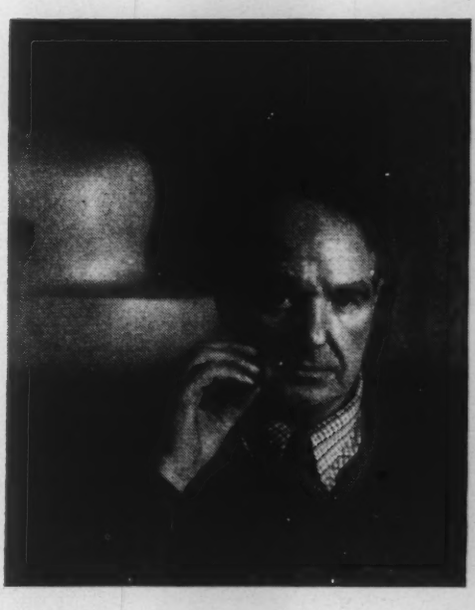


Sigmund Freud at eighty: Like Oedipus, he "divined the famed riddle and was a man most mighty".

It is ironic that Naziism, which drove Freud from Vienna, seems the political answer to his theory of rationalization.

Freudian theories have had their greatest impact on art and literature. Picasso (left) was strongly influenced by them.

Existentialism, the philosophy Jean-Paul Sartre (below) expounds, is based on Freud's beliefs about personality.



The work of Henry Moore (above) needs an understanding of Freudian physchology for its proper appreciation.

The stream of consciousness technique, developed by James Joyce (left), is literature's heritage from psycho-analysis.

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The strongest single influence in world literature during the first half of the 20th century... But was Freud's interpretation of man and society also responsible for Fascism and Naziism?

Freud and his Curious Offspring

By John A. Irving

LAST SUNDAY, May 6, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sigmund Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, was recognized throughout the world.

No other psychologist has aroused such bitter hostility or such passionate devotion as Freud. A famous philosopher at Cambridge always referred to him as "that madman of Vienna". A brilliant Canadian theologian, on the other hand, considered him "psychology's one man of genius".

Until his death in 1939, it was difficult to dissociate Freud's highly controversial personality from the psychoanalytical movement in general. The difficulty was increased by the acrimonious disputes of orthodox Freudians with Carl Jung and Alfred Adler, who had developed schismatic movements during the years preceding the First World War. But it is now possible to assess, fairly objectively, the significance of psychoanalysis for literature, art, philosophy, politics, and science in twentieth-century culture.

Charlatan or genius? Salvador Dali's application of Freud's theory of the subconscious has made him a most controversial artist.

There can be little doubt that the psychoanalytic movement has been the strongest single influence in world literature during the first half of the twentieth century. Without psychoanalysis, James Joyce could not have transformed the modern novel. Nor would writers as diverse as D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot, and André Gide have become so profoundly aware of the fantasia of the unconscious and the deeper layers of human motivation. Leading writers in the United States like Scott Fitzgerald, Eugene O'Neill, Robinson Jeffers, and Lionel Trilling illustrate the impact of psychoanalysis on American literature.

How can the paintings of Pablo Picasso and Salvador Dali or the sculptures of Henry Moore be appreciated without a knowledge of the Freudian interpretation of human nature?

Unlike creative writers and artists, British and American philosophers, with negligible exceptions, have been repelled by the theories of psychoanalysis. As custodians of the tradition of pure reason, they have vigorously resisted Freud's efforts to stand Plato on his head.

Apart from their personal hatred of the apparent irrationalism of psychoanalysis, logicians have considered that this whole approach is a shining example of prescientific modes of thought. To contemporary semanticists, exponents of absolute clarity and precision in the use of language, the concepts and theories of psychoanalysis are a frightful clutter of meaningless nonsense. Most Anglo-American philosophers today equate Freudianism with mysticism.

But such a highly negative attitude to psychoanalysis is not shared by the existentialists, who dominate the philosophical scene in western Europe and Latin America. Emphasizing emotion rather than reason, they rank Freud with Kierkegaard and Dostoievski, as one of the founders of their movement and therefore as one of the truly great thinkers of all time. To them, psychoanalysis is essential for the understanding of both the theory and practice of our age of anxiety.

It is clear that a philosophical evaluation of psychoanalysis will depend upon the critic's prior philosophical position, and not upon the structure and content of psychoanalytical theories themselves. Indeed, a philosopher's attitude to psychoanalysis may generally be predicted in terms of his geographical location. If he lives in Paris or Rio de Janeiro, he will very likely approve of it; and if he lives in London or New York, he will equally likely condemn it!

In the consideration of the significance of psychoanalysis for politics we are faced with two separate problems: first the extent to which Freud's interpretation of man and society may be held responsible for the development of movements like Fascism and Naziism; and, second, the role of Freudian theories in the scientific analysis of political behavior.

Freud, himself, had nothing but contempt for the Nazi movement and all its works. As a Jew, he personally experienced the horrors of Nazi aggression follow-

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ing Hitler's seizure of Vienna in 1938.

Tragic though it may seem, it can fairly be claimed that psychoanalysis was a significant causal factor in the development of the Nazi movement. For Freud and his disciples, man is interpreted as essentially the sport of irrational forces. The ultimate control of human behavior lies below the threshold of consciousness, in the murky lower depths, where the voice of reason is never heard. When it is heard, it is too late.

What form of government, what pattern of political behavior, would be appropriate to this conception of man? Is not the Nazi state a perfect answer in the sphere of political organization to Freud's interpretation of human personality?

The psychoanalytical movement has unquestionably been a factor in the political behavior of our time, not only in fascist countries but also in democratic states. Yet political scientists, students of the theory and practice of government, have been reluctant to use Freudian concepts in the analysis of political behavior.

The final assessment of psychoanalysis, however greatly it may have influenced various phases of our culture, must be based upon its status in the general framework of scientific thought.

As a therapeutic technique, psychoanalysis is an extremely subtle and searching method of interviewing the mentally ill. It usually extends over months, sometimes years. During his psychoanalysis, the patient retraces and relives his emotional development from early infancy. There have been very few changes in the techniques of psychoanalysis since its discovery by Freud in the eighteen-nineties.

It is now generally agreed that psychoanalysis has had only a limited success as a therapeutic technique. In psychiatry today it is being replaced by more rapid and, usually, more effective forms of treatment.

During the years when psychoanalysis flourished as a therapeutic technique, its doctrines were denounced almost universally by psychologists and social scientists. Based upon clinical material derived from the consulting room, its interpretation of man and society could not be verified by experimental psychologists.

Paradoxical as it may seem, at the very time the Freudian technique is losing ground among psychiatrists, the Freudian theories are gaining acceptance among psychologists, anthropologists, and sociologists. This remarkable change is due in part to the development of the mental health movement and the resultant emphasis on clinical psychology since the Second World War. But it has been occasioned, in much larger measure, by an increasing recognition that the Freudian outlook illuminates, as does no other approach yet devised, the general problems of human personality and its development in society.

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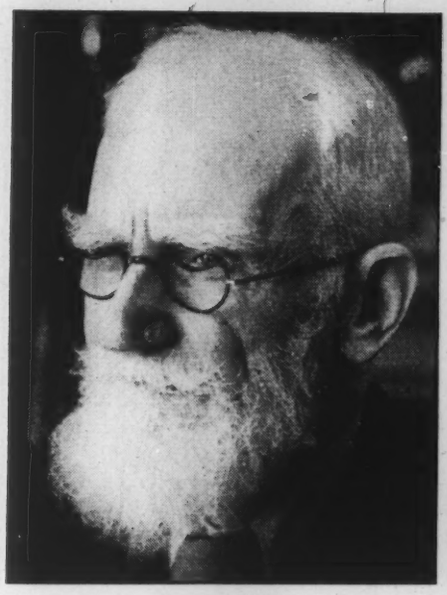

Shaw: Doing good by stealth.

Invaluable Advice to Young Writers

by Robertson Davies

SOME MEN OF LETTERS, because of their prodigious industry and length of life, leave mountains of material behind them, in which the happy scholars delve for decades, and even for centuries. The definitive edition of Goethe's works, that which was prepared by order of the Grand Duchess Sophie of Weimar between 1887 and 1909, fills 133 volumes; perhaps the works of Bernard Shaw, when every fugitive leaf and anonymous article has been tracked down, edited and printed, will go beyond that formidable number. The work is already in hand. Mr. E. J. West has entered the field comparatively early, and has made a valuable contribution to it by editing the interesting series of letters which bears the title *Advice to A Young Critic*.

The young critic of the title was Reginald Golding Bright. He did not make a name for himself in the profession to which he aspired, but he was a lifelong lover of the theatre, and served it as an author's agent. He came to Shaw's attention owing to an incident which has long been famous in anecdote. When *Arms and the Man* was first presented at the Avenue Theatre, London, on April 21, 1894, Shaw appeared in response to calls for the author, and amid the applause could be heard one voice crying "Boo"; Shaw, as everybody knows, looked in the direction of the dissenter and said, "My dear fellow, I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many?" The story has been popular for years, but now we know that the booer was Golding Bright, and that on the strength of this curious introduction he wrote to Shaw a few days later, saying that he wanted to be a theatre critic, and how should he begin? On April 30 Shaw replied, and began a correspondence which continued spasmodically until 1928.

Nobody who has made even a superficial study of Shaw's writings believes the foolish legend that he was mocking, unapproachable and cruel. But surely it is more than an ordinary amiability of character which impells a man of thirty-eight, already well-known, to write often and at length to a young man of twenty who wants to be a critic and doesn't know how to get started? Shaw was unfailingly kind to beginners if they seemed to have any spark of talent. His kindness to Bright, whom he did not meet for several months, and whom he never knew well, is a striking instance of his determination to do good by stealth, as well as with drums and trumpets.

My Fair Lady?

From a letter to Golding Bright, Jan. 10, 1907:

I am greatly flattered by Leslie Stuart's desire to collaborate with me on a musical play . . . Tell Stuart that I am rather keen on the idea, but that what I want to write is the music and not the libretto. Your ever, *G. Bernard Shaw.*

The intimate tone of the letters, and the amount of useful and salable information which they contained, has been commented upon with surprise by Mr. West. But is it really surprising? Shaw was practical above all things, and he would not have undertaken to write to Bright unless he had something of real use to say to him; and as he knew that Bright was trying to get a foothold in journalism by contributing paragraphs of theatre gossip to several papers, he fed him information which was authentic and valuable. Mr. West has not made as much of this as he might have done. Shaw was being kind, certainly. But he was also placing information which he wanted made public with a man who would peddle it to the papers, and who was pledged not to reveal the source of his gossip. Shaw even wrote an interview with himself, relating to the sale of his own play, *The Man of Destiny*, to Sir Henry Irving. Mud has been thrown at Irving because he suborned journalists to publish matters which were in his own interest; Shaw seems not to have been wholly free of guilt in this respect.

The queer matter of *The Man of Destiny* comes up again in these letters, and Mr. West cannot be said to treat it impartially. He is a Shaw partisan, and he represents Irving as coming off worst in the conflict. But was it really so? The truth about this matter is still obscured, but we know that Shaw regarded Irving as a formidable opponent, and spoke of him in his later years as a very great

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actor. Time will brighten Shaw's reputation, for his works are plain for all to see; Irving, like all actors, will become more shadowy with every passing year. But we must not assume that in that mysterious interview, where the champion of the old drama met the champion of the new, Shaw emerged as the winner. The great actor had arts of controversy all his own, and Shaw respected a worthy opponent; his regard for Irving suggests that Irving may, on this occasion, have won the fight on points. And Shaw's concern about getting his version of the affair into print through Bright shows how much importance he attached to it.

This series of letters is uneven, and not to be compared with the riches of Shaw's correspondence with Ellen Terry or Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Thirty-five of the letters are of general literary interest; the final seventy-three have interest as theatrical history, which is not everybody's meat. But the letters that may truly be said to give advice to the aspiring critic are of great value.

There is no way of becoming a dramatic critic, said Shaw. Such jobs are gained by accident, and not by men of twenty. "In London all beginners are forty, with twenty years of obscure hard work behind them: and, believe me, those obscure twenty years are not the worst part of one's life, nor need you nor anyone be afraid to face them." He chides Bright for a foolish prejudice against Wilde in these words: "There is always a vulgar cry both for and against every man or woman of any distinction, and from such cries you cannot keep your mind too clear if you wish to attain distinction yourself".

To the young writer, this advice is priceless: "Always find out rigidly and exactly what you mean, and never strike an attitude, whether national or moral or critical or anything else . . . Get your facts right first: that is the foundation of all style, because style is the expression of yourself; and you cannot express yourself genuinely except on a basis of precise reality . . . Write a thousand words a day for the next five years for at least nine months every year." All of this is golden, but young writers do not, in the main, believe it. Striking postures in print, preferring opinion to fact, and writing only when the spirit moves them is so much more attractive than these stringent precepts. But Shaw knew what he was talking about. He even goes so far as to fly in the face of the cherished belief that the beginner with money has a permanent advantage over the beginner with none. "The fact is that everybody has to stand the same racket more or less—more if he is penniless, less if he has a father who guarantees a roof and a meal." The father cannot, however, guarantee talent.

This is a book which everybody who is interested in criticism should read, and it is worth a shelf of books on how to write. Its editor has not done a very good job. He is a Shaw partisan, and this leads him to be foolish in his attitude toward Irving; it is stupid to call Lawrence Irving's biography of his grandfather "idolatrous". He permits *Florodora* to be mis-spelled, which is surely culpable in any historian of the theatre in the nineteenth century. But worst of all, he affects a familiarity with the mighty dead which certainly would not be tolerated if they were living; it is not for Mr. West to call Henry James "Henry", and to refer to Ellen Terry as "the dear creature". It is part of the task of a good editor to bear himself with becoming modesty in the presence of his betters; he is the lackey, not the patron, of those whom he has the good fortune to serve in print.

Jacket Design

Advice To A Young Critic, by Bernard Shaw—notes and introduction by E. J. West—frontispiece—pp. 208—*Ambassador—$3.75.*

The Canadian

Beaverbrook, by Tom Driberg — pp. 314 —indexed—*Ambassador Books—$4.50.*

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made so good that Canada must be grateful to him; New Brunswick for his generosity, all the country because from its alleged dullness bubbled this champagne, fizzing in the heart of Empire.

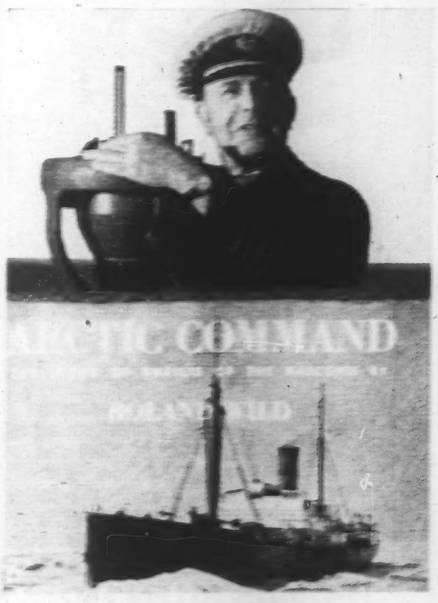
The element in the complex Beaverbrook to which the author refers most frequently is his being Canadian. Even after Beaverbrook's forty-six years in British affairs, he cannot be Anglicized. The fact is that Lord Beaverbrook has always retained his Canadian domicile, despite his barony on Fleet Street and his seven houses outside Canada. At the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II "the little Canadian adventurer" wore his academic habit as Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick rather than the robe of a peer of the realm. The Canadian background and events are well handled by the English biographer. T.J.A.

Northern Master

Arctic Command: The Story of Smellie of the "Nascopie", by Roland Wild—pp. 194—*Ryerson—$4.00.*

IN THE POST-WAR surge of books about the Canadian North a modest story of a great captain and his doughty ship should not be swamped. The captain: Thomas F. Smellie, OBE, a Yorkshireman, whose first ships were square-riggers and his last an ice-breaker, and styled the Supply Boat of the Company of Adventurers of England Trading Into Hudson's Bay. The ship was, of course, the *Nascopie* of which Smellie was captain for twenty-eight years.

He was the only Master to have been in command of the same ship in the two World Wars. Wartimes were dismaying interludes for both the Captain and the *Nascopie;* they were at home only in the Eastern Arctic and the Montreal base. Both belong to the romance and courage of the Canadian North. T.J.A.



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Hot History

Canada In World Affairs: September 1951 to October 1953, by B. S. Keirstead—pp. 258 and index—*Oxford—$3.50.*

SEVENTH in number in the series of biennial surveys sponsored by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, the volume which the Toronto economist Professor Keirstead has done is the fifth in print; 1946-49 and 1949-50 are following. It is a brave series for historians to attempt so closely after the events.

The analysis is necessarily foreshortened and tentative. It is like the first winnowing of a research specialist's files. Yet the events are so near that a study of them has unusual piquancy. Remember the Petawawa horses? "I must confess," says the author, "that some of the discussion over the defalcations at Petawawa struck me as over-solemn and self-righteous". T.J.A.

Summer Love

Lucy Crown, by Irwin Shaw—pp. 339—*Random House—$3.95.*

THE CRUCIAL situation in this novel is adolescent Tony's discovery that his mother is playing a game of summer love with his tutor who is almost young enough to be her son.

Variations of this plot have often made excellent comedy and sometimes tragedy. Not this variation, however. Parsimonious in the extreme for the reader who receives no dividends of either comedy or tragedy, Mr. Shaw's novel, possessing no irony, ironically possesses the Midas touch which turns on the showers of gold. M.A.H.

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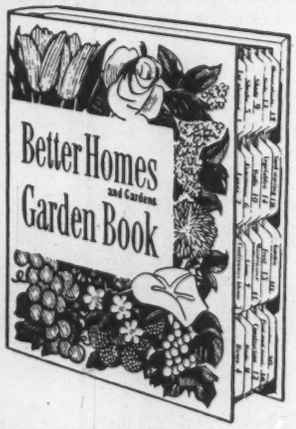

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Enamel butterfly and bee,
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Beside the bearing olive tree."

M.A.H.

Painter's Views

September Gale: A Study of Arthur Lismer by John A. B. McLeish—pp. 201, with bibliography and index — *Dent—$3.95.*

THE AUTHOR calls his biography a study. It is an inoffensive labor of piety, neither acute nor discerning. Notwithstanding the phonographic echoes of Lismer's opinions, it has a fair objectivity. No member of the Group of Seven has previously been given a full-scale biography; this book points to a void in Canadian arts and letters still to be filled. As for Lismer the painter, it is difficult to separate him from his propaganda. Perhaps there is no reason to attempt it. T.J.A.

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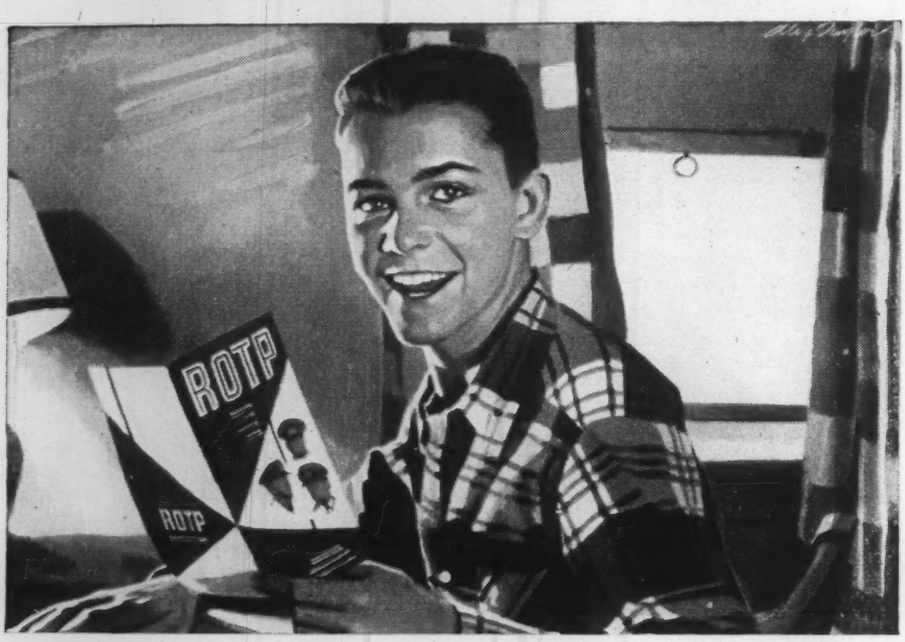

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Graham Greene: "Just you wait."

Tender Spot

The Quiet American, by Graham Greene —pp. 247—*British Books—$3.00.*

THE MOST galling of all criticism is that which parades under the flags of pity and understanding, and it is with these pennons drooping miserably that Mr. Greene rides against the American people in this book.

Alden Pyle, the quiet American of the title, is a diplomatic officer in Indo-China; because he is a foolish idealist, and pigheaded with it, he manages to do a great deal of harm, and at last dies as a result of his own meddling. He is seen through the eyes of an English newspaperman named Fowler, who has some very disagreeable characteristics, but is certainly not a fool.

American critics have been stung into bitter comment on this book, which they seem to think reflects the attitude of all Great Britain toward their foreign policy; the literary journals have been full of their sulks and their mutterings of "Just you wait . . .". Certainly this is a bitter and trouble-making book, but as Canadians (and therefore by definition fence-straddlers) we can afford to see the truth in it, and to enjoy it without taking sides.

R.D.

The Boss

The Last Hurrah, by Edwin O'Connor—pp. 427—*Little, Brown—$4.50.*

Set in an unnamed city that looks suspiciously like Boston, this is the story of political boss Frank Skeffington, a big, flamboyant, lovable, generous and outrageously crooked Irish-American who at seventy-two is waging his last campaign. In the van of a cohort of hangers-on, all nearly as entertaining as Frank himself, he advances from ward dance to wake to plat-

form while over, under and around them all rolls an ocean of Irish gab—endless, fanciful, funny and irresistible.

The book is over-long but the simple structure and engaging talk offset its length and occasional repetitious passages. With the Atlantic prize in his pocket, and several evidences of popular success, Mr. O'Connor seems to have a smash hit. And well he might. His book is superbly written and enormously readable. R.M.T.

Spiritual Travel

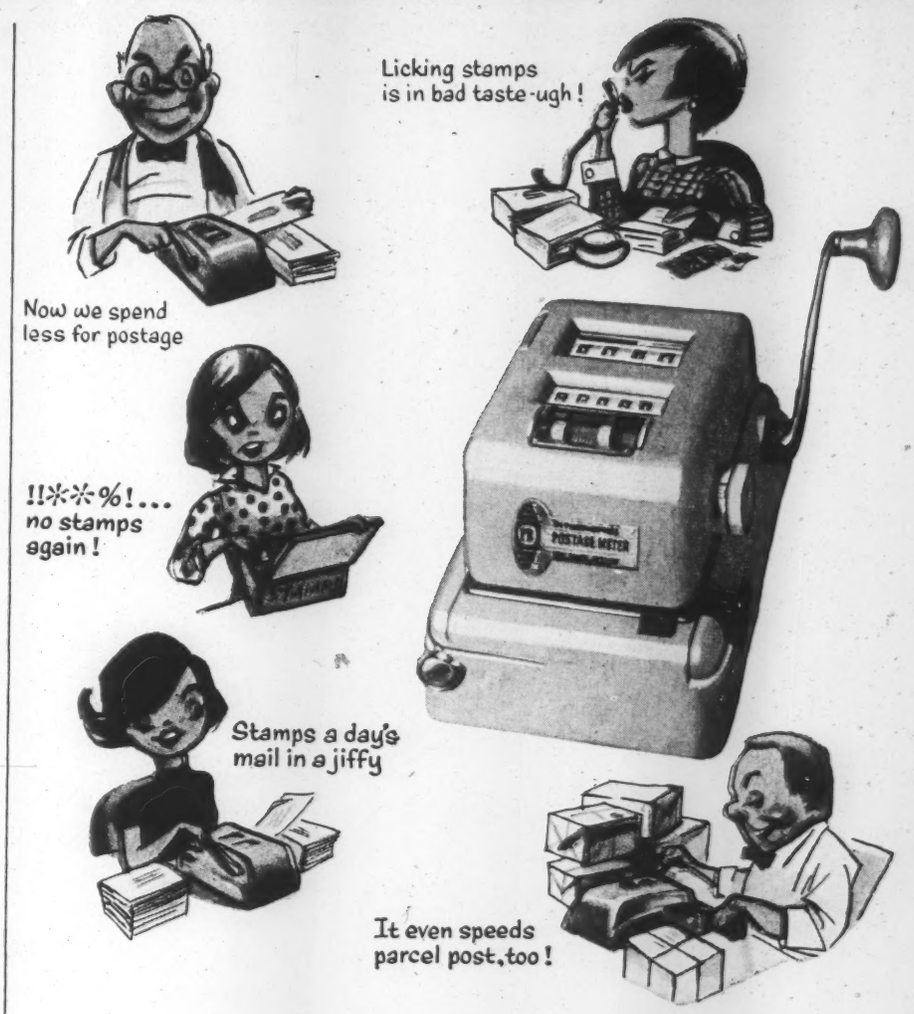
Heaven & Hell, by Aldous Huxley—pp. 88—*Clarke, Irwin—$1.60.*

MR. HUXLEY'S experiments with mescalin have been the subject of a good deal of jeering comment, and some of the younger critics have begun to patronize him as a has-been. But this quite extraordinarily stimulating and wonderful little book shows that he is at the top of his form as a speculator on the great mysteries of life, whatever may have happened to his prose style in the ill-starred *Genius and the Goddess.*

"Heaven is here and Christ is now," mystics have told us for 1,500 years. "Very true," says Mr. Huxley, "and Hell is here and Satan is now, as well, and it takes very little to exalt or depress you toward a personal realization of either of these facts." Mescalin or lysergic acid can permit us to travel to what he calls "the antipodes of the mind" and find out from experience what Heaven and Hell are like.

This is not a crass "nothing-but" statement; Heaven and Hell are states of consciousness, but that does not make them any the less facts; nor does it make them the final realms of the spirit. This small book contains a fine intellectual adventure. R.D.

Aldous Huxley: Top of his form.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Monarch is a proud performer, with its great new deep-block V-8 engine, so superbly responsive to your commands . . . a safer performer, too, with the reassuring protection of the newest safety features— safety steering wheel and safety door latches. Seat belts and expanded plastic padding for instrument panel and sun visors are also available, to provide a new measure of security for you and your passengers.

And to make every mile of your driving completely relaxed and effort-free, Monarch offers you Canada's finest, most versatile automatic-drive, the safest of all power steering systems, power brakes, power seat and power window lifts!

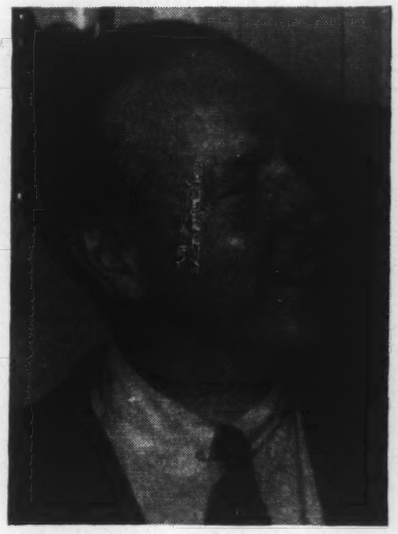
Here in the newest of all Monarch models, the Four-Door Phaeton, is beauty with a heart of high-spirited power . . . elegance with the stamp of craftsmanship, so apparent in Monarch—*distinctive above all!*

Monarch

(Certain features illustrated or mentioned are "Standard" on some models, optional at extra cost on others.)

Ford MONARCH YOUR FORD-MONARCH DEALER INVITES YOU TO *Ride like a King in a Monarch*

Prodigal Who Stayed Home



Morley Callaghan

He calls himself, "A man of violent opinions". His eleven novels have been translated into a dozen languages. His short stories are world-known, but some say, "He is not a real Canadian writer".

"SAY, WHATEVER became of Morley Callaghan?"

To the reader of novels and short stories who asks the question, Callaghan himself offers the answer: "Why, nothing. I'm still here. I am writing as well as ever, just differently."

Callaghan, who is writing differently, is also different from other Canadian writers, if not unique. Most rise like morning glories, blossoming with one or two books in the brief sunshine of local fame, and then fading quickly into evening oblivion. Many talk a good novel, but never write one. Those who hit paydirt in the rewarding American literary market usually head south and become Canadians by correspondence only. None of this is true of Callaghan.

In the thirty years he has been at the typewriter, he has filled eleven widely circulated novels, most of them translated into a dozen languages; two of his plays were produced in Toronto, each with the promise of being tried later on Broadway; his widely praised short stories have appeared in the world's best-known magazines. Among his companions have been such story-telling giants as Ernest Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe, Scott Fitzgerald and Sinclair Lewis. Through it all, Callaghan hardly ever left home; except for brief stays in Paris and New York, he has remained in Toronto.

No Canadian writer has been as widely accepted abroad, with the possible exception of Mazo de la Roche, who climbed to fame up the Whiteoak family tree of Jalna. But few successful writers have been less accepted in Canada.

In what might be called Callaghan's heyday, in the late 1920s and early '30s, when Hemingway was his inspiration, Sinclair Lewis his booster, Clifton Fadiman his praising critic, Canada and its book reviewers hardly took notice.

Today, even though Callaghan is lacking some of his early, bold and often brilliant creative simplicity, he gets the treatment of a home-town boy who didn't quite make it. At Toronto's central Public Library during Book Week, while other Canadian authors—some dead, some only almost-so—had their books exhibited in a prominent display, visitors had to look deeply into the vaults to find one of Callaghan's better books. But most were not even there.

"Callaghan?" gurgled one librarian. "Oh, he's not really what I'd call a Canadian writer."

This ingenuous remark reveals, perhaps, why the world of Canadian arts, letters (and librarians) has left Callaghan standing in the shadow of greatness. Why, in fact, is he not a "Canadian writer"? His books are peopled with real-lifers from Toronto's Cabbagetown and Montreal's Sherbrooke Street. His dialogue often has a tape-recorder accuracy — exactly what you can hear mumbled on a Toronto subway or a Montreal tram. Yet, in the dusty, hushed world of the librarian he is not considered a Canadian writer.

While Canadians wait in great expectation for the "Great Canadian Novel", Callaghan works with his nose close to a typewriter, writing novels which sell well everywhere except in Canada. As recently as last month, he received a copy of his 1937 novel *More Joy in Heaven* translated this year into Italian. It's selling fine in Italy. Two American publishers last week sent him two new American school text books; both contained Callaghan short stories. His stories have been in the American texts for years, but only just made it four years ago in Canada.

For a man who has been given a comparative cold shoulder by his countrymen, Callaghan shows surprisingly little bitterness. He smiles, "I'm waiting for the law

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A Memorial Chapel, modern classrooms and residences are supplemented by a well equipped gymnasium, artificial ice rink and over 50 acres of playing fields, to provide year round recreational facilities.

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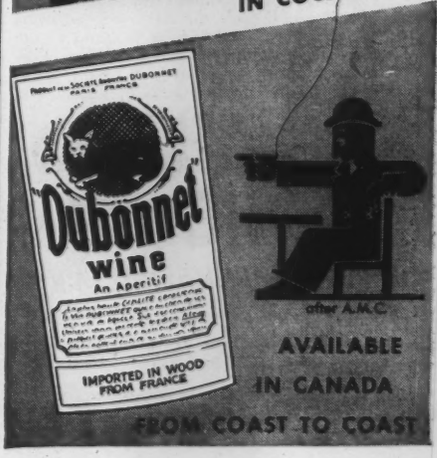

"all under one Roof"

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20 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto
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You can serve the best MANHATTAN cocktail!

Simply add required liquor to Holland House Manhattan Mix and — time after time — you'll taste the mellow smoothness of a balanced drink! *Other* Holland House Mixes: Dry Martini, Tom Collins, Daiquiri, Old Fashioned, Whiskey Sour, Side Car, Bronx, Quinine Tonic Mix.

HOLLAND HOUSE MANHATTAN MIX

Full pint — enough for 32 cocktails.

At Fine Food, Drug and Department Stores.

Write for free cocktail and canapé recipes!
Holland House Sales Co., Woodside 77, N. Y.
Geo. Rogers Co., 3277 Bloor St. W., Toronto

of compensation. You know, I haven't really done badly. Look at Scott Fitzgerald. What happened to him was much worse than what happened to me. He was an amazingly popular success. He became a sort of darling. Then the depression seemed to kill him off. He went to Hollywood, but by then he was out of the ball game. He had half-finished a book, writing as well as ever, when he died."

Most critics feel that Callaghan was writing his best when Fitzgerald was also in his prime. It was in those days that Sinclair Lewis called him "a coming man", and at 25, *Story Magazine* referred to him as "the most discussed writer in America".

But Callaghan will only compromise in admitting his writing isn't quite what it used to be. He says, "I'll admit all my early stories were written just like falling off a log. As you become older, as you become a professional, you have to work harder at it. You begin to know what a mistake is. I suppose most successful stuff is written out of an impulse."

It was an impulse that got his first work published. As a high school student, he wrote a descriptive piece about Yonge and Albert Street in long hand and sent it to the *Toronto Star Weekly*. He received a $12 cheque, and has been writing ever since.

It was not really surprising that he took so easily to writing. Although his father, Thomas Callaghan, a friendly Irishman, worked at the Canadian National Express, both he and Morley's mother were part-time poets. While at St. Michael's College, he took a summer job as a reporter for the *Toronto Star*. ("I was fired five times and rehired four.") There, he met Ernest Hemingway, a fellow reporter. Hemingway read some of Callaghan's short stories and became a friend and adviser.

Callaghan, who tugs at a pipe most of the time he speaks, recalls, "Where Hemingway was most helpful was in telling me where I could have my things published, like the literary magazines of Europe, *The Quarter*, and *Transition*. He kept telling me I had it, and that some day I was going to be a great writer. Without his praise, I might have been awfully lonely."

Hemingway's move to Paris probably influenced Callaghan's career. He had enrolled in Osgoode Hall, with the idea of becoming a politician, but decided to quit, marry his sweetheart, Loretta Dee, and go to Paris to join the so-called "Lost Generation". At the sidewalk cafés he was able to drink in equal amounts of wine and good conversation, to talk with Hemingway and Fitzgerald and meet James Joyce.

But a year later he was back in Toronto, still writing with enthusiasm and general praise (except from Canada). The *New York Times* said, after his second book of short stories, "If there's a better short story writer in the world, we don't know where he is." Both Ring Lardner and Sinclair Lewis wrote glowingly about him in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

By 1934 he had published five books, beginning with *Strange Fugitive*. The *New Yorker*, which had carried many of his stories, offered him a staff job, but he continued to live in Toronto. And each year for 13 years, Edward O'Brien, editor of the annual *Best Short Stories*, included a Callaghan story in his anthology.

His explanation for remaining in Toronto is simple: "Toronto is my home. My folks lived here and I was born here."

The war seemed to smother much of Callaghan's creative instincts. He explains, "The war upset things for me. Nothing seemed right. I took the war very hard." He talked more, and wrote less. He took on a job as chairman of a CBC radio program called "Of Things to Come", and toured Canada. Since that time he has appeared regularly on radio and TV panel shows such as "Fighting Words". Two of his plays, *Turn Again Home* and *To Tell the Truth*, were produced in Toronto, and both were promised New York openings that never came. The plays were not received too well, termed "Saroyan-like" and "long on talk and short on action".

Since the war, two novels were written and published, *The Varsity Story*, a rather weak tale based on life at the U. of T., and *The Loved and the Lost*, which Callaghan considers "a great book", an opinion with which many critics disagree. A recent novel, *Man in the Raincoat*, published by a magazine, is being revised to appear in book form. He has another novel and a play in the works.

At 53, he feels his best work may still be ahead. The years have given him the look of one of the "little people" he loves to have travelling through his novels. His 175 pounds is just a little too much for his five-foot eight-inch frame, causing his grey slacks to droop below his tweed jacket. His nose, somewhat pinker than the rest of his ruddy complexion, and a crooked smile, sometimes give him the look of comedian Jimmy Durante. In his brooding 12-room Rosedale home, where he lives with his wife and two children, 18-year-old Barry and 23-year-old Michael, he sits almost daily at a battered Underwood.

His theme through the years has been much the same, the innocent and how the world handles and mistreats them. His little men express big thoughts, like Kip Kaley in his *More Joy in Heaven*, "Maybe we're all prodigal sons, everybody on earth, see, going away places and feeling homesick and wanting to come back."

Maybe that's why Morley Callaghan stayed home.

ADJUDICATION CEREMONY

Calvert helps build a living Canadian theatre

Each year, all across Canada, theatre groups compete for Calvert Regional Trophies and cash awards in thirteen Regional Drama Festivals. From the winners of these, chosen by adjudication, eight are then selected to compete in the Dominion Drama Festival Finals for the main Calvert Trophy and the Calvert $1,000 Cash Award. The Dominion Drama Festival, founded in 1932, has been hailed by the Massey Report as "an important national movement and a unifying force in our cultural life."

Special black and white reproductions of this illustration, Adjudication Ceremony, 16" x 20", suitable for framing, are available free on request.

The stars of the play have made their final bow. The last applause has died out . . . and someone who, a moment before, was a member of the audience, steps onto the spotlighted stage in the now tensely silent theatre.

The adjudicator is about to give his decision.

The effort and anxiety of rehearsal . . . the excitement of performance . . . even the enthusiastic applause of a friendly audience . . . fade in importance. Now the adjudicator — selected for his training and knowledge of theatre — is about to pass judgment and award the Calvert Trophy to the cast of the play he has selected as prize winner in the Dominion Drama Festival.

Calvert Distillers are proud that, through sponsorship of the Dominion Drama Festival — the only national dramatic movement of its kind in the world — they are able to encourage and to reward this uniquely Canadian enterprise by presentation of the Calvert Trophies — symbols, indeed, of a living Canadian theatre.

Shown at left is the Calvert Trophy, Drama, by Florence Wyle, R.C.A., S.S.C., which will be awarded to the winner of the Dominion Drama Festival Finals to be held at St. Charles Auditorium, Sherbrooke, Quebec, May 14-19.

CALVERT DISTILLERS LTD.

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EXCLUSIVE
"Millecel"
FILTER TIP
brings you
EXTRA MILDNESS...
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A Really Milder High Grade Virginia Cigarette

"MY BANK"
TO 2 MILLION CANADIANS
B of M
Canada's First Bank
BANK OF MONTREAL
WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817
AD98

Clarkson, Gordon & Co.
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS
Toronto · Montreal · Hamilton · London
Winnipeg · Regina · Calgary · Edmonton · Vancouver

Commercials

by Hugh Garner

A FRIEND of mine has a handy little gimmick consisting of a push-button at the end of a long piece of wire, connected to something at the back of his television set. He can sit ten or twelve feet from the set and by means of his push-button switch off the audio part of a program. He uses this switch-off against the commercials, and uses it ruthlessly. Strangely enough, what appears to be the greatest boon to mankind since the invention of chlorophyll gum did not catch on with the public, and my friend's brother-in-law, who was selling them, has taken a job writing blurbs for an advertising agency.

There are times, though, when I wish I had a push-button with which to rid myself of the cooing, cloying, repetitious claims of the commercial announcers, especially those who are peddling soap flakes, tooth paste, face creams, deodorants, and cigarettes. Repetition is the angle here, and is a throwback to the printed or painted commercial, through its bawling daughter, radio.

In Canada the advertising content of a television program is limited to seven minutes per 60 minutes of broadcast time, between midnight and 6:00 p.m., and six minutes from 6:00 p.m. to midnight. For a half-hour show the commercial time allowed before six o'clock is four minutes and fifteen seconds; and after six, three minutes. Spot or flash advertisements are limited to five in number or four minutes in total time during any fifteen-minute program. With the previous consent of a representative of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, a Canadian television station may arrange to exceed these limits, with a proportionate reduction in paid spot announcements during other periods.

In the United States the television networks and the private TV stations are not so restricted. The Federal Communications Commission, which to a certain extent controls television broadcasting in the United States, is prohibited from censoring broadcast programs; hence it does not regulate their advertising content. The National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters, through its radio and television codes, tries (with little or no success, I think) to limit direct advertising on network programs to six minutes out of 60.

In the United States, a large group of

Enjoy a wide-open view from the sedan-snug comfort of your new

DeSoto

WRAPPED in cocoons of woollens, netting, and goggles, turn-of-the-century motorists saw little of the passing view. The panoramic protection of today's distinctive De Soto Hardtop presents an exciting contrast!

De Soto Fireflite V-8 Hardtop

It's pure delight to watch the whole, wide, wonderful world roll past . . . as you breeze along in your new DeSoto.

You see the *whole* view on both sides of you. Your eyes scan the road ahead through De Soto's windshield that wraps around at the top as well as the bottom.

Yet there is more, much more, to this new De Soto that promises rich rewards to its owner:

There's the trend-setting beauty of Flight-Sweep styling.

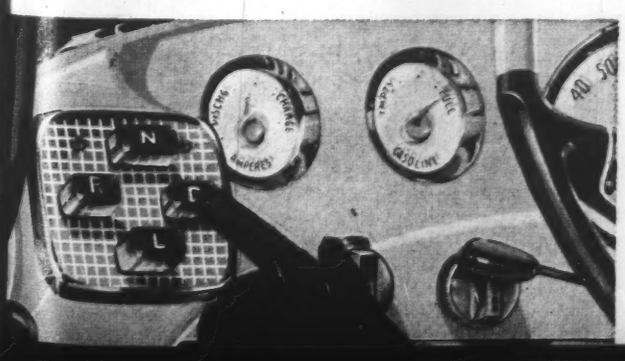
There's the effortless ease of driving with the new push-button controls of PowerFlite automatic transmission, with new DeSoto centre-plane brakes, full-time power steering.

There's the smooth power of that 255-h.p. Fireflite V-8.

Why not turn this promise into reality? See and drive this dashing new De Soto now!

Try the magic touch!

New push-button controls on PowerFlite—world's finest automatic transmission—set you in motion at a finger's touch! Just press a button . . . step on the gas . . . and GO!



MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

Drive the new De Soto with the Forward Look

Watch Climax—Shower of Stars weekly on TV. Check your newspaper for date and time.

Questions your wife should ask...

about this man

Who will he be—this Executor of my husband's estate?

Will the family like him?

What experience has he had?

Could he go right ahead, without fuss or delay in settling the estate?

Will he be entirely impartial?

Will he keep family affairs strictly 'in the family'?

Besides being efficient, will he be pleasant in his business relations?

(and most important) *Where will he be when he's needed?*

If he is to be a Trust Officer from National Trust you can be *sure* he'll be on hand when needed. Under his expert management, terms of the Will are carried out with competence, without fuss or favoritism, yet with kindness and understanding.

'Phone or write for an appointment and a National Trust Officer will be very pleased to discuss estate planning with you.

TORONTO • MONTREAL • HAMILTON
WINNIPEG • EDMONTON • CALGARY
VANCOUVER • VICTORIA

National Trust
COMPANY LIMITED

M.16X

Garry Moore and friend.

irate radio and television fans has formed an organization called SOLACE (Society of Listeners Against Commercial Emphasis) to fight the trend towards longer and lousier commercials. According to this society the "Gary Moore Show" has had as high as 34 per cent non-entertainment content, and "The $64,000 Question", 24 per cent. The Federal Communications Commission, monitoring television programs for 18 hours a day over several days, reported that the proportion of entertainment over commercial content was only 6 to 4 on the average. One of the insidious ways commercials are slipped into a program is through the off-hand plugs for the airline that carries the contestants. Such bits of give-away advertising add up to a goodly percentage of broadcast time over a single broadcasting day.

To my way of thinking, however, the length of commercials is subordinate to their message. A thirty-second commercial that is boring and idiotic can enervate the average listener more than a two-minute spiel that has entertainment value in itself. Last year the Sylvania Television Awards for the best American commercials were given to Sanka Coffee, Schweppes Quinine Water and Saran Wrap, all of which spend a minute sum for their commercials compared with the automobile, cigarette and beauty products programs.

There are some commercials that I like to watch and listen to. I rather like those involving cartoon characters and puppets, so long as their routines are changed once in a while. I also enjoy straight commercials if they are presented by an announcer whose looks, voice and manner are pleasing to me; and those that have their sales pitch put to a catchy tune.

I decry the egotistical use by an announcer of such opening lines as, "This is

Rex Marshall", or "I'm Harry Von Zell", as if anybody cared. I'm one of the Canadians who can take Kate Aitken, but preserve me from those American distaff announcers who pucker up before the cameras and say, "That's my family; you know *I* can never get Johnnie to brush his teeth after every meal . . ."; or the middle-class matron who runs across the lawn with a newspaper in her hand and says to her ditto next door: "Here it is, Jane! Do *you* know that 8 out of 10 family laundries use soap?" Personally, this falls on deaf ears as far as I am concerned, for I don't care how many use soap if they would only use less starch.

They (and that includes me) can run down Arthur Godfrey as much as they want, but his commercials, whether for pie-crust mix, futurama kitchens or Lipton's Tea, are far more pleasing to the eye and ear than a hundred others I could name.

There is a king-size American cigarette that sponsors, among other programs, "The Line-Up" over CBS on Friday evening at 10. The announcements for this product used to drive me to the edge of paranoia. For week after week several stock characters would ask me, "What have Viruses got that other cigarettes haven't got?" and then answer their own stupid question with, "Twenty thousand filter traps". Just in the nick of time to stop me from tuning out their program, they changed the sales pitch, putting it to a catchy tune, yet using the same selling-point. Now I listen to it with what is almost a liking.

Some entertainers are able to introduce the commercials in a manner that makes them acceptable to the viewer. George Gobel does it, and Edward R. Murrow with his "I'll be back in exactly thirty-seconds", does it too. Alfred Hitchcock does it by joshing the sponsors and their products, but this approach is not recommended to those entertainers of lower stature than Hitchcock.

As you are aware, I have several pet hates, but I have saved my biggest one until now. I can't stand children in commercials—and, for what it is worth, neither can my own children. Every time a little brat comes on and whines, "Mama, I just can't seem to keep my dolly's clothes clean!" I pray that she will fall into the washer herself. This goes too for those spoiled gamins who trail mud across the kitchen floor, refuse to eat anything but the sponsor's mush, and try to con their old man into buying a car that will put him in hock for the next five years. The familiar parental warning, "Children should be seen and not heard", should be changed in this television age to "Children should neither be *seen* nor *heard*", especially on commercials.

When In Europe . . .

fly **BEA**

(British European Airways)
Europe's finest air fleet

Most people do. BEA is the swiftest, smoothest, easiest way to get about Europe. You travel in fully-pressurized comfort aboard the superb four-engined, turbo-prop Viscounts, or by BEA's luxurious Elizabethan—high-winged and landscape-windowed for wide, panoramic viewing. BEA operate frequent services between the principal cities of Europe, to the Mediterranean and North Africa. First class and tourist fares available.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS
General Sales Agents in Canada, U.S.A., Central and South America:—
British Overseas Airways Corporation.

more Canadian President Champagne is sold in Canada than any other Champagne - Canadian or imported.

Taste the reason why!

Bright's Fine Canadian Wines
SINCE 1874

For your free colourful copy of "THE STORY OF PRESIDENT CHAMPAGNE" write Bright's Wines, Lachine, Quebec.

"...but you can always depend on THE EMPLOYERS"

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED
THE EMPLOYERS' ASSURANCE

FIRE, CASUALTY & AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

QUEBEC • MONTREAL • OTTAWA • TORONTO
HAMILTON • LONDON • WINDSOR • SUDBURY
WINNIPEG • CALGARY • EDMONTON • VANCOUVER

Sermon in Celluloid

by Mary Lowrey Ross

HOLLYWOOD's Production Code is now twenty-six years old, and a quarter-century of turbulent human behavior has done little to alter its original attitudes. It still tries doggedly to stretch a curtain of old-fashioned propriety across the screen, in spite of the fact that the curtain, by this time, has become so shrunken that even Hollywood, once so easily intimidated, has learned to disregard it.

One of the more stringent clauses in the Production Code has to do with the narcotics trade. "The illegal drug traffic, and drug addiction, must never be presented on the screen," says the Code. But Otto Preminger saw a sensational story in *The Man with the Golden Arm*, and so he went ahead and made it. Then when the Johnston Office refused to endorse the film, the producers defiantly released it anyway. The stamp of official disapproval had the usual compelling effect, and the opening of *The Man with the Golden Arm* pulled the public in like filings drawn to a magnet.

Although it contravenes the letter of the Production Code, the film conforms closely to the moral rulings on which the Code is based. The incorrigible are ruthlessly punished. The good—that is, the drug addict (Frank Sinatra) who struggles to free himself, and the blonde tramp (Kim Novak) who stays by him — are offered at least a deferred hope of salvation. Meanwhile, there runs through the whole film a warning, that the wages of sin and moral

Norah Gorsen and Bill Travers: Happy.

Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak: Sordid.

weakness is damnation. In fact, *The Man with the Golden Arm* comes close to being a sermon in celluloid. Like most sermons that are delivered with fierce, sustained conviction, it is often impressive. Like most sermons, too, it seems to go on a long time.

Its hero (Frank Sinatra) is a dealer in a perpetual poker game, with a remarkable talent for his job. He is also a heroin addict, just returned from a six-months' stretch in a prison sanatorium, where a friendly doctor has warned him against a return to his former life. Unfortunately, Frankie Machine is not his own man. Everyone has a piece of him—the gambler who finds him profitable at the poker table, the dope-peddler who is always eager to provide him with a "fix", his wife (Eleanor Parker) who fastens on him as voraciously and mindlessly as a hungry hookworm.

The setting is Chicago's West side, and the characters are hived in small purgatorial flats, where they fumble among the odors and remnants of stale food, quarrel over lost affections, and escape when they can into streets as shoddy and slovenly as their own lives.

Wee Geordie, a big, pleasant, wonderfully scenic picture, tells the story of a Scottish lad who dedicates himself to his own muscular development. The results, achieved by correspondence, are so sensational that by the time he is twenty Wee Geordie (Bill Travers) is the largest and strongest man in Scotland, and can toss a caber a hundred feet as easily as most weaklings

MOLSON'S GOLDEN ALE

BREWERS SINCE 1786

"How much lighter?" said the Writer

"How light is a feather?" responded Goldie. "It's something to feel rather than define."

"Light as a breeze?" suggested the writer.

"Good," agreed the Golden Ale Lion thoughtfully, "but the lightness of Golden Ale is a matter of delicate balancing of ingredients to produce a bouquet and flavour no other can match."

"Drier too?" asked the writer.

"A mite" agreed Goldie, "but never, never bitter. Just enough of the hops to bypass unappetizing sweetness. Result: a clear, clean-tasting satisfaction."

"I'm thirsty," said the writer.

Molson's Golden Ale *is* lighter than most — yet all the zest and authority of a traditional ale is triumphantly there in every mellow swallow. The first smooth, savoury sip delights the expert; two sips convince anyone.

MOLSON'S GOLDEN ALE

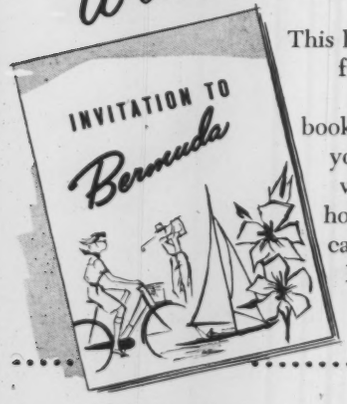
LIGHTER...SMOOTHER...AND A MITE DRIER!

Cherry Heering

Denmark's liqueur delight since 1818

All your guests will enjoy it — anytime!

IT'S YOURS *write now*



This handsome full-colour 16-page booklet shows you what a wonderful holiday you can have in Bermuda.

The Bermuda Trade Development Board
Dept. SN-65, 111 Richmond West,
Toronto, Ontario

Please send me, without charge, "INVITATION TO BERMUDA."

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ PROVINCE_____

"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

could heave a bean-bag across the road. This prowess carries him to the Olympic Games, where a Scandinavian lady shot-putter makes a dead set for him, to the consternation of the good Scottish folk back home, who follow his progress, both athletic and amorous, by radio. The film has a great deal of simple-minded charm, the Scottish scenery is meltingly beautiful and the children who play in the early part of the story have that unaffected naturalness both of looks and manners which only the British studios seem able to produce.

Serenade presents Mario Lanza in the film version of a James Cain story which, like the star, had to undergo a certain amount of correction and reduction before reaching the screen. He is a singing field-hand here, and presently he attracts the interest of a handsome patroness (Joan Fontaine), a lady of staggering poise and wealth. Obviously she is no girl for a simple farmhand, however endowed, but he can't keep away from her and he is trapped like a fly on tanglefoot. Having launched him in *Othello* she drifts off with a passing sculptor, and this distracts him so that he blows his lines on opening night, and then heads for the Mexican border.

Here work, sunshine, and the love of a beautiful senorita restore his voice and spirits and soon he is back in New York, with a lovely bride and a brand-new operatic contract. The faithless patroness turns up, inevitably, and there are some seething scenes, including one in which the hot-blooded bride, playing toreador, attempts to knife her rival who, cast as the bull, merely leans against the grand piano, looking as though the whole thing were too silly for words, as indeed it is. Mario Lanza, now in fine shape and voice, delivers a number of operatic numbers in a tenor that shatters stemware right and left.

Mario Lanza and Senorita: Passionate.

Howe as Leader?

by John A. Stevenson

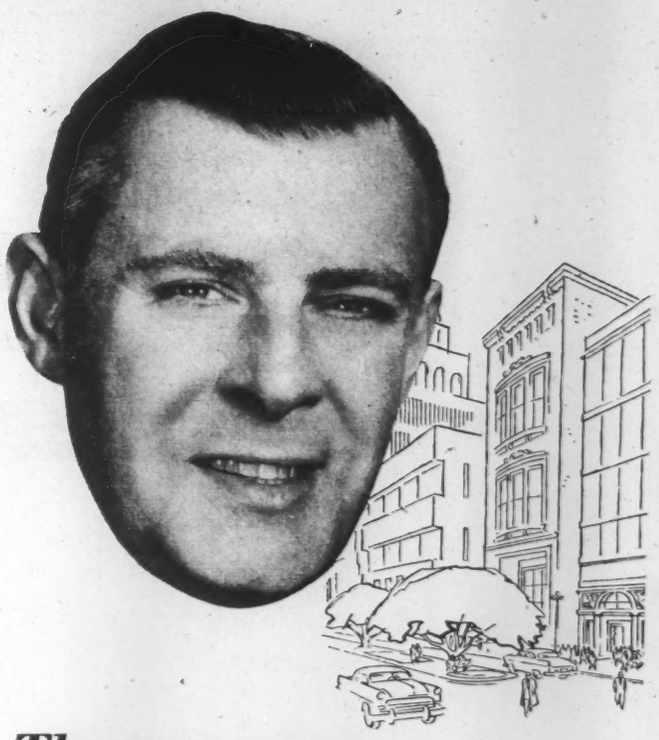
THE ABNORMAL taciturnity and general lassitude of Prime Minister St. Laurent during the present session have given rise to rumors that he is repenting of his promise to lead the Liberal party in another election. His own family has always had the first claim upon his devotion, and constant worry about the serious ailments of two of his children is said to be responsible for his apparent apathy about the business of Parliament. So stories are rife that he would now gladly hand over the leadership of the Liberal party and the office of Prime Minister to Mr. Howe and that the latter would not reject this opportunity to crown his distinguished public career.

Mr. Howe would be quite a formidable leader for his party, as he is now an experienced politician, who commands the general confidence of the business community. But his elevation to the Liberal leadership would be exceedingly unpalatable to the Hon. Walter Harris, as they have never formed a mutual admiration society and clashes between them over policy have been frequent.

Mr. Harris would be justified in foreseeing that, when Mr. Howe came to retire, his influence in any contest for the succession would not be exerted on his behalf, but in favor of some other aspirant such as Mr. Pearson or the Hon. Paul Martin. The latter's chances for his party's leadership have hitherto had to face the handicap of his religion and racial lineage, because many Liberals would be averse to letting one Roman Catholic French-Canadian succeed another as leader. But, if an English-speaking Protestant like Mr. Howe held the leadership for a few years, the force of this objection would be diminished and the prospect of success for Mr. Martin's aspirations would be improved.

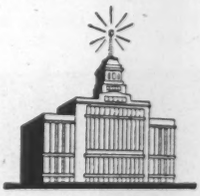
Politicians of all parties watched with keen interest the marriage ceremony which united Canada's two great labor organizations. Some of them interspersed their blessings upon the new Congress of Labor with pious observations about the beneficent role it could play in Canada's national affairs.

The Congress starts with a million registered members and may recruit another 100,000 if the Canadian Catholic Confederation of Labor joins it. On the assump-



There are two ways of retiring!

I think every man should have as
much control over his own destiny
as he possibly can . . . and
I'm glad I can stop work when I want to
. . . not when somebody says I can!
A Canada Life man showed me how
I could save early in life to take care of
my later years . . . and he was able to
offer me such good value for
every dollar I invested with his company
that my future is pretty well taken care of.



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with a plan that will suit you
now . . . and later too.

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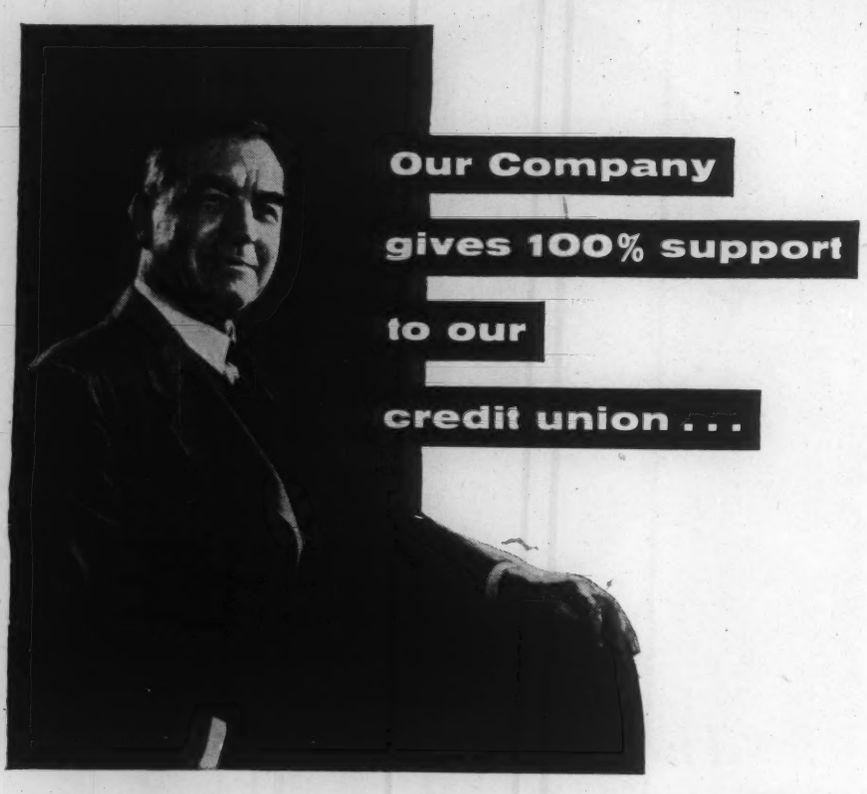


we realize the important part it plays in our way of life

Says R. H. Davis, President, Atlas Steels Ltd.

SINCE formation of the Atlas Steel credit union in July 1951, the 1,100 members have helped each other with nearly 6,000 loans, totalling $1,350,000. These loans have helped members to enjoy home improvements, new cars and medical care, as well as vacations. Total savings have already reached the $300,000 mark . . . and last year, 3¾% dividend was paid!

A credit union is simply a group of friends who join together for greater financial security. They *save* together . . . then, from their pooled savings they can make friendly loans at low cost. Many credit unions add protection of life insurance on loans and savings—without added charge.

In the Western Hemisphere alone, there are nearly 20,000 credit unions serving some 10,000,000 people . . . positive proof that the credit union movement fills a very real need. Management endorses credit unions, because with a credit union to back them, workers can beat their money problems . . . pay advances and wage garnishments become a thing of the past. And what's more, free from financial worries, workers devote *full* energy to their jobs.

It is easy to form a credit union. All you need is a group of 50 or more who share some common interest—such as employment in the same company. They form and run their credit union themselves . . . under government examination . . . *every* member sharing in the benefits.

A credit union would help *you*. Why not talk it over with *your* fellow employees.

Write today for full information.
Credit Union, Dept. S4,
Box 65, Hamilton, Ont.

Chairman of the Credit Committee Roy Watson, is a Bar Inspector. He's a fine worker . . . like all his credit union friends. They *enjoy* working together . . . helping each other. When a member needs a loan, he's happy to get it from his workmates . . . people he knows and trusts.

Mr. D. Cowan, a grinder operator, was one of the original promoters of credit unionism at Atlas Steel. He reasoned that it was better to help his fellow workers *learn to save money* than to give them charity. The success of the Atlas credit union has proved him right!

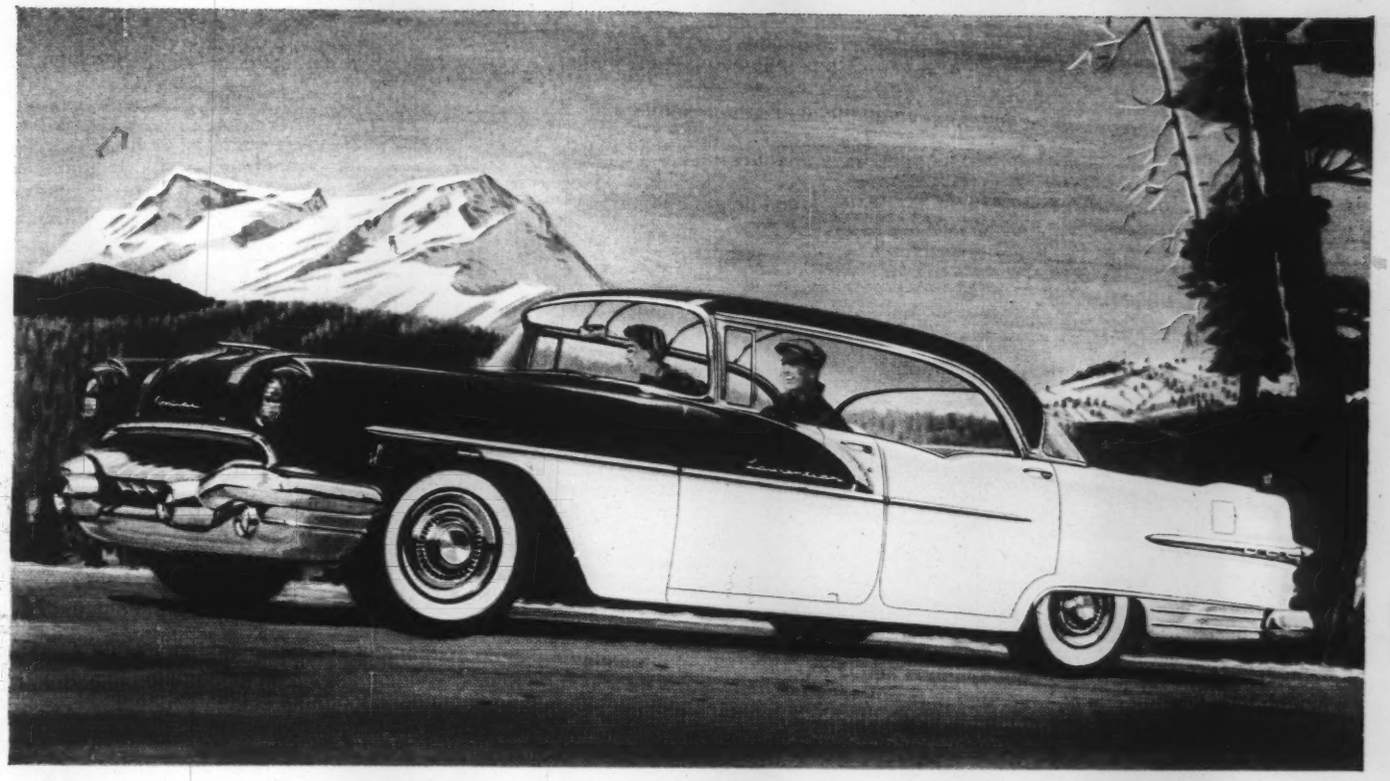
tion that its members have at least half a million dependents of voting age, who will follow their lead in an election, it could mobilize for its causes at least a million and a half votes.

The statement of policy by the Congress lauded the CCF as the valiant champion of labor, but left each union free to give or withhold support in an election. But the Political Education Committee of the Congress is under instruction to approach the CCF, farm and co-operative groups and other non-Communist labor organizations for the purpose of evolving a concerted policy. The ultimate objective of these moves seems to be the formation of a new Canadian Labor party, which would absorb the CCF and have, like it, a federated structure.

This objective can hardly be achieved before another Federal election comes round. Meanwhile the CCF has a good chance of reaping one advantage from the merger. As long as the feud between the Canadian Congress of Labor and the Trades and Labor Congress lasted, a CCF candidate who belonged to the former body could never count upon much support from members of the latter and vice versa. But hereafter, a member of the Congress of Labor nominated by the CCF will have a reasonable prospect of getting most of the votes of the trades unionists in his constituency. Their support will never be solid; there is, as the British Labor party has discovered, a disposition to snobbery among some of the better paid workers and their wives, who feel that the label of Socialism carries a certain stigma of social inferiority.

For some time past the managers of the two senior parties have been less worried about the CCF than about the threat offered by the Social Credit party. They saw evidence that Premier W. A. Bennett of British Columbia was eager to move into the Federal arena and were fearful that as a national leader of his party, he might enlist a substantial volume of support. But the resignation of one of his ministers to secure freedom to defend himself against grave charges, and other disturbing revelations about serious administrative malpractices have shaken the credit of the Bennett ministry locally.

It looks today as if Mr. Bennett will have to postpone his yearnings for a Federal career until he sets his own provincial house in order. Then in Manitoba the local Social Credit party has suffered a serious setback through the withdrawal from its ranks of its most respected member W. L. Bullmore (Dauphin), after his discovery that it had accepted campaign funds from brewery interests. So the older parties may have to revise their view that the Social Credit party is more dangerous to them than the CCF.



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Just touch the accelerator and they spring to life—a great herd of steel-muscled mustangs full of fire and rarin' to go!

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And it's all so *easy!* Driving was never like this—no car ever performed like this '56 Pontiac.

No car ever had engines like this—the economical Strato-Six . . . the fabulous Strato-Flash V8 that's wheeling the beauty shown above with all the might of its top 205 horsepower . . . and the Strato-Streak V8 that delivers up to an unbeatable 227 horsepower! Engineering advancements and refinements, high compression, high torque, peak efficiency and economy—they've got 'em all.

And these great Pontiac engines have five equally exciting companion pieces—two standard and three automatic transmissions . . . each one designed and tailored to utilize the last ounce of Pontiac's tremendous engine thrust.

But see—and enjoy—Pontiac first hand. Make that next family outing a demonstration drive in the fabulous '56 Pontiac. You'll find (and they'll agree!) that this is *your* year to own a Pontiac—because the car says GO and the price won't stop you.

'56 PONTIAC offers you 31 beautiful models to choose from . . . 6 complete lines . . . 6 price ranges . . . sleek 2-door and 4-door hardtops . . . sedans . . . station wagons . . . and the magnificent Laurentian and Star Chief Convertibles. Take your pick from the greatest glamour and GO ever priced so low!

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Shag and his System

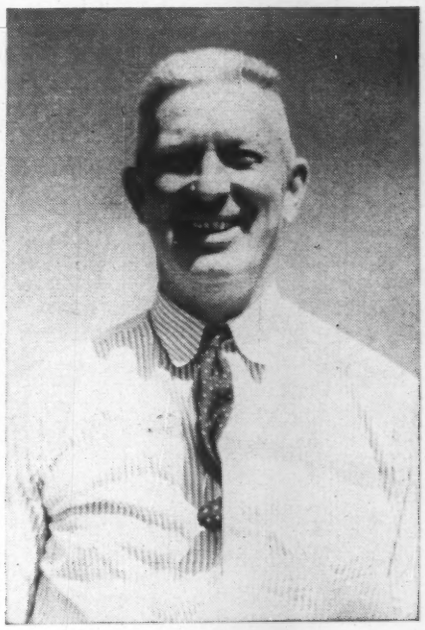
by Trent Frayne

IT IS MEDAL-STRIKING time again for Francis Joseph Shaughnessy, possibly the world's most profane left-handed golfer and unquestionably the world's most imaginative baseball-league president.

Shaughnessy is the bristling, tomato-faced, white-maned president of the International League, which recently started its 73rd consecutive season of operation amid snow flurries and unbridled enthusiasm.

The fact that there *is* an International League is due in great part to the fact that there is a Shag Shaughnessy. In the last five years alone his league has lost five franchises, but he has faced each crisis with what has often appeared to be ludicrous optimism, and the IL as a consequence is in better shape today than any baseball league outside the majors.

Shag's latest coup has been to replace the wallowing Syracuse franchise with Miami, Florida, and in his immense enthusiasm he feels that almost anybody would rather have Miami than Syracuse—in summer as in winter.



Baseball's Frank Shaughnessy

This marked the IL's fifth shift since Mr. Cyclops began pinning people to the living-room rug. Television kayoed Jersey City and Newark in the New York area, and partially accounted for Springfield, near Boston. Sheer ennui possibly explains why Ottawa was forced to fold, since almost everybody up there, including hockey fans, seems to spend most of the time yawning. Baltimore deserted the Shaughnessy circuit when it acquired the major-league franchise of the St. Louis Browns, if such can be deemed progress.

Shaughnessy moved expertly through each heavy involvement. He's got Havana, Cuba, in his league now, and Columbus, Ohio, and while his teams are compelled to leap all over the map they are, none-

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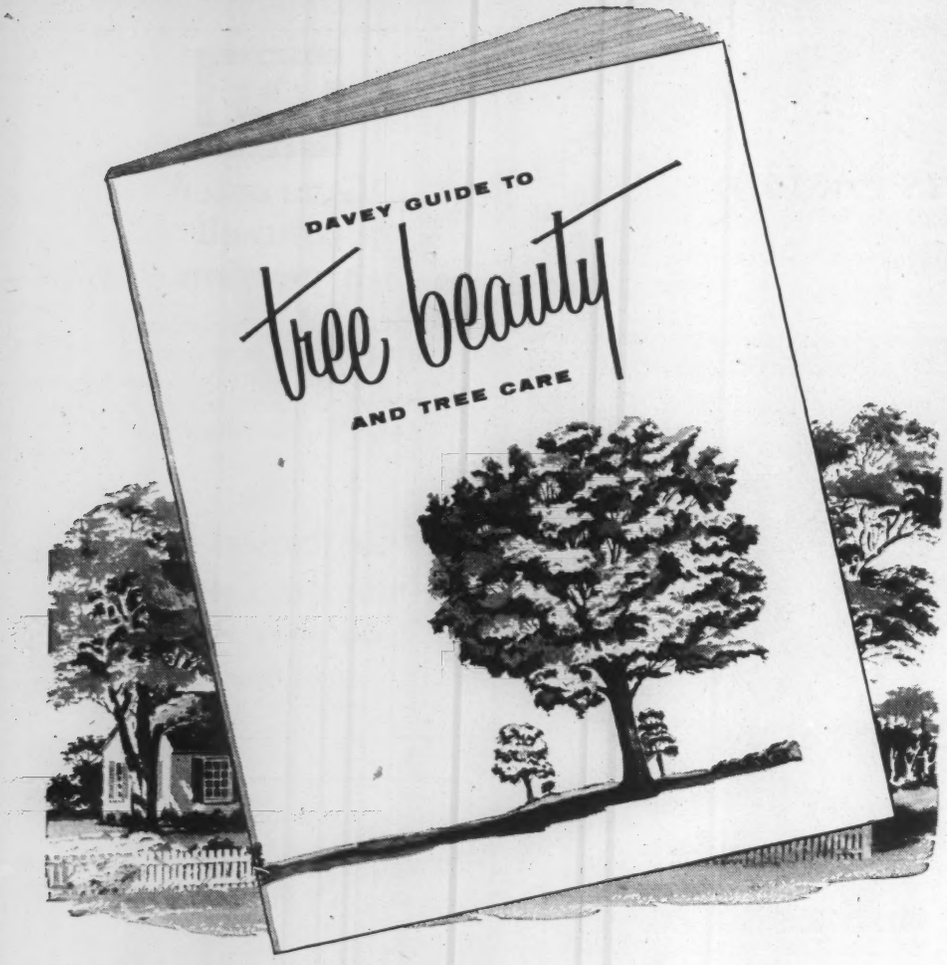

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Or want to own one?

You'll enjoy this beautifully illustrated book by the Davey Tree Expert Company—for only 25¢

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Enclosed is 25¢ in coin for my copy of "Guide to Tree Beauty."

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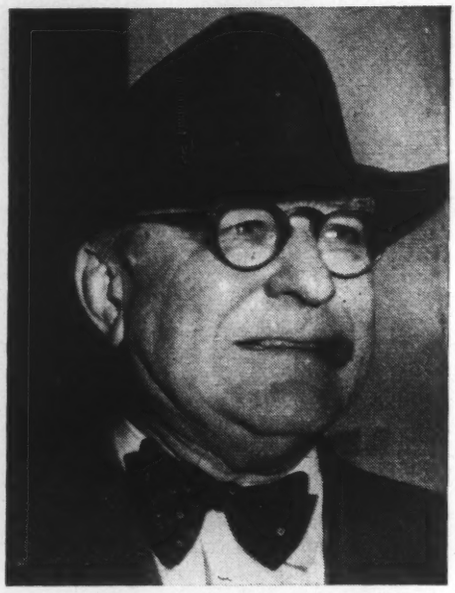


Branch Rickey: Deacon-like mahatma.

theless, breathing easily. His next crisis is apt to develop in Columbus, but Shaughnessy is already reported to be prepared to plug the hole with Jacksonville, Florida.

Shag is a towering hulk of a man, blunt and undiplomatic and forthright and greatly respected. It isn't generally known that he is responsible for a decision that, at the time, utterly astonished the denizens of baseball's half-world. This was the one made by Horace Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants, to hire as his manager the noisy extrovert from the hated Brooklyns, Leo Durocher. Shaughnessy, through his close association with Branch Rickey, knew that that deacon-like mahatma of the Dodgers was dissatisfied with Durocher as his manager, and he also knew that Stoneham thought less and less of Mel Ott, the Giant incumbent. He whispered to Stoneham that Durocher would be available at a time when Stoneham was prepared to inject anything into his flagging Giants, even Durocher.

The deal was consummated, amid the rustle of falling bodies belonging to Giant fans.

As league president, Shaughnessy is directly responsible for the uncovering and cultivation of umpires, a task to try most men's souls. His unflagging devotion to this strange breed has been at least indirectly responsible for the elevation of seven of them to the majors in the last five years.

"I have the finest umpiring staff in baseball," he says each spring. "I don't say they're always right, but I insist that they're never wrong."

Shag gets off witticisms like this whenever he takes golf club in hand and begins flaying wildly at defenseless golf courses, occasionally striking the ball. He plays left-handed, talks constantly and never off-the-record. He says precisely what he thinks about players, managers,

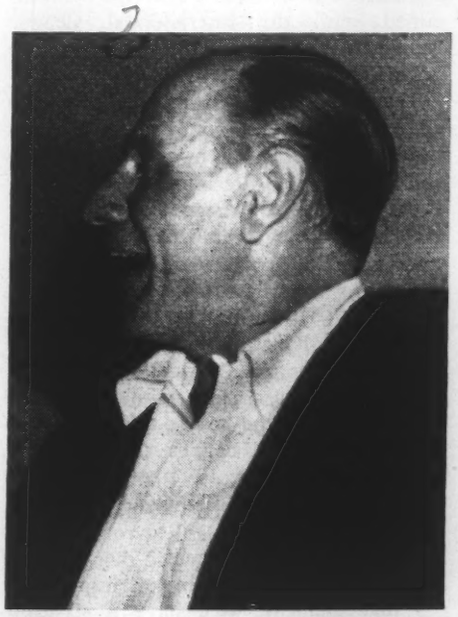
owners and executives, but newspapermen rarely print any hint of what he says in these frank moments because they recognize that he has taken them into his confidence. Besides, half the stuff is libellous.

Shag was born in South Amboy, New Jersey, and won athletic letters in track, baseball and football at Notre Dame. He graduated in pharmacy in 1904 and then, "because all my friends were lawyers", he went back to school and took his law degree in 1908. He practised briefly, but decided he wanted to be a ball player. After a couple of uneventful years he took a job as player-manager of the old Ottawa team in the Canadian League in 1913 "so I could learn baseball from the ground up".

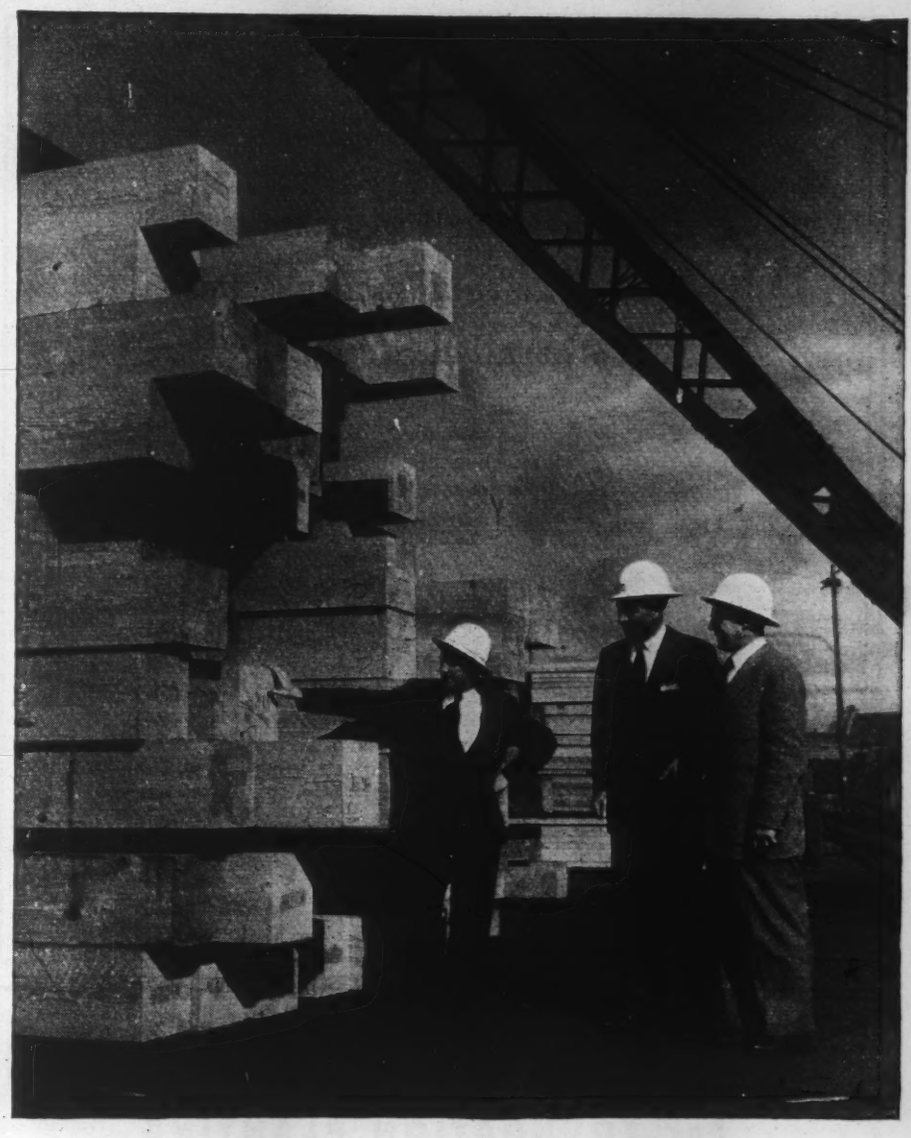
It's probably long since forgotten, but he made a fantastic contribution to hockey, of all things, that year. The Senators, of the National Hockey League, impressed with his personality, offered him the manager's job. He scouted and personally recruited four players who made lasting names in the NHL, one of them, Frank Nighbor, an all-time great. The others were goaler Clint Benedict, Eddie Gerrard and Punch Broadbent.

McGill University heard about the firebrand from Notre Dame, and on the strength of that college's gridiron reputation offered him the football coaching job in Montreal. He stayed there until 1927, between times playing baseball and then being a coach of the Detroit Tigers in 1927 and 1928. In five previous summers as manager of the Syracuse Stars of the International League, a farm affiliate of the St. Louis Cardinals, he developed 15 players for the world's champion Cards of 1931, including Jim Bottomly, Chick Hafey and Wild Bill Hallahan.

In 1935 the Montreal Royals were suffering acute anaemia at the gate and he was asked to reorganize the club. Shag



Leo Durocher: Noisy extrovert.



Royal Bank Manager Sees West Coast Lumber Moving To Overseas Markets

By talking to lumbermen on their own ground — or docks, in this case — the Royal Bank manager (centre) gets valuable first-hand insight into their operation, and the woods industry as a whole.

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instituted necessary economies after rounding up a group of investors who formed a new company, bought the club and appointed him general manager. He had stepped into a managerial role in 1934 and directed the Royals to their first pennant since 1898.

On Oct. 27, 1936, he relinquished all connection with the Royals to become president of the International League. One of his first acts was to sell organized baseball on a post-season playoff plan that became known throughout baseball's minor leagues as the Shaughnessy System. He took hockey's Stanley Cup playoff method as his guide and is regarded everywhere, because of this plan, as the man who saved the minor leagues. By it, four teams gained the playoffs, instead of one team's winning the pennant, and thus interest in four cities, rather than one, was maintained to the end of the schedule.

Shaughnessy's strong voice was heard when baseball's unwritten rule barring Negroes was challenged. When Branch Rickey signed Jackie Robinson to a Brooklyn contract in 1946 there were ominous rumblings from the cheap seats, and several of the penthouses. Shaughnessy prepared and issued this statement when Robinson was assigned to the Montreal club in his league: "There should be no ban on Negro participation in any sport anywhere. The signing of any player is up to the club involved. If he makes good, he plays." Shaughnessy coached his umpires and spoke to player meetings in locker-rooms in order to avoid incidents, and the only problem presented by Robinson during his year in the IL was the one he posed for the pitchers.

Shaughnessy has lived for some thirty years in Montreal, where he and his wife Katherine, a Montreal girl, reared nine children, eight of them boys. For years his office was in New York and he commuted until the International League Headquarters was moved to Montreal five years ago.

These days, although his rebellious crop of carrot hair has gone white, he still looks like a man in his fifties and he's still injecting rich life into his league after twenty years as president. It's unlikely that any problem will faze him, just as none has in the past.

Once, a baseball writer thought he had him stuck. Observing that when the Havana Sugar Kings flew into Cuba for a home stand or left the island for a road trip, they shared a plane with one of the other IL clubs, the writer asked Shaughnessy what would happen to his league if the plane crashed.

Shag rubbed a gnarled hand across his head and ruminated.

"Why, if that happens," he said at length, flashing the grin of inspiration, "if that happens, we'll have a six-team league."

BUSINESS

Comic Characters On Camera

by Walter A. Dales

EVER WONDER about those cute little characters that leap from your TV screen and sell with all the fervor of old-time medicine men? What kind of men create them? What do they mean to business?

Many of them are born near the gusty corner of Portage and Main in Winnipeg, at Phillips-Gutkin and Associates Ltd., where delivery charges range from $850 to $5,500 for 20 to 60 seconds of animation. Blue-chip Canadian business organizations are adopting them as fast as they're born. You may recognize some of them: the little knight in shining armor, Sir Simonize; Pamela Paper and her Paper-Mate pen; the sad little man for Carter's Liver Pills; Libby Quality Control Cops; the Judge for Pacific Milk, and so on. Scores of them grow up to become corporate personalities, worth a dozen vice-presidents. Vice-presidents retire or die, but the corporate personality goes on forever.

The corporate personality idea isn't new but the techniques for using them on television are just now being fully exploited. That's what makes Phillips-Gutkin and Associates Ltd. one of the most unusual business firms in Canada. Winnipeggers talk about it with stars in their eyes. Even its beginnings had a pixie touch.

It all started because a publisher wanted a corporate character, a little husky pup to be called Oomah, whose "tail stuck out and ears stuck up".

Ray Darby (now with Disney) wrote the fanciful story and artist John Phillips illustrated it with equally fanciful drawings. Harry Gutkin, of Contemporary Publishers, fell for Oomah in a big way. The book was published and sold like hot cakes. Phillips and Gutkin became fast friends.

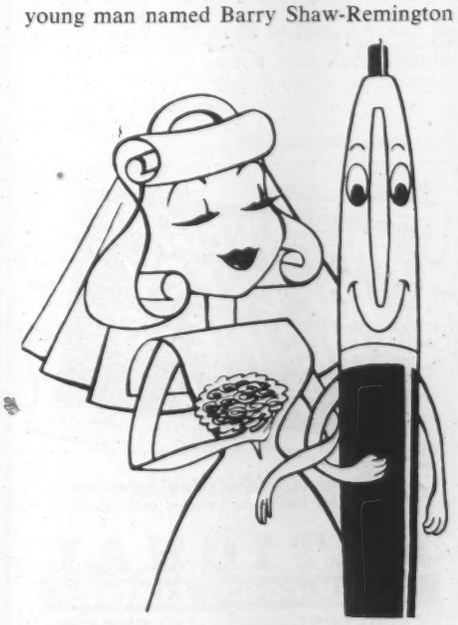
One day, early in 1947, over a cup of coffee in a beanery, the advertising art organization that was later to make such an impact on the field of television, was born.

The young partners saw in the advent of television a challenge to art forms as they then existed. They claim to be the first major studio in Canada to realize that, to stay in business, they would have to add motion and sound to art.

A film division was organized in 1951, and several documentary films in color were written, directed, edited and given sound by the two partners. In those days the firm frequently threw in a bit of animation even if the budget didn't call for it.

Two years ago, with TV burgeoning, the firm established a separate television division. A 35-millimetre Acme Animation Camera, precisely the camera Walt Disney uses for his effects, was built to specifications and imported from Burbank, California, at a cost of more than $8,000, together with an animation stand, which cost in the neighborhood of $16,000. Gradually, editing and sound equipment was added to round out what is now one of the best equipped 35-millimetre shops in the country, capable of producing theatrical and television films. Much more costly and difficult to import were professional animators, but the partners were lucky.

Originally, some West European animators were used. Then when a talented young man named Barry Shaw-Remington had completed his work on *Animal Farm*, in London, they talked him into coming to Winnipeg. He was followed by Bernie Helman of the National Film Board. Other professional animators came to Phillips-Gutkin, because of the firm's rapidly growing reputation as a creative group. Thus, Winnipeg, as far as talent was concerned, was practically next door to Hollywood. Home-grown artists get first-class training under these top-flight professionals, and rapidly become animators in their own right. Mary Elizabeth "Nibby" Edgar, for example, is now Canada's only woman animator.



Drawing for TV animation.

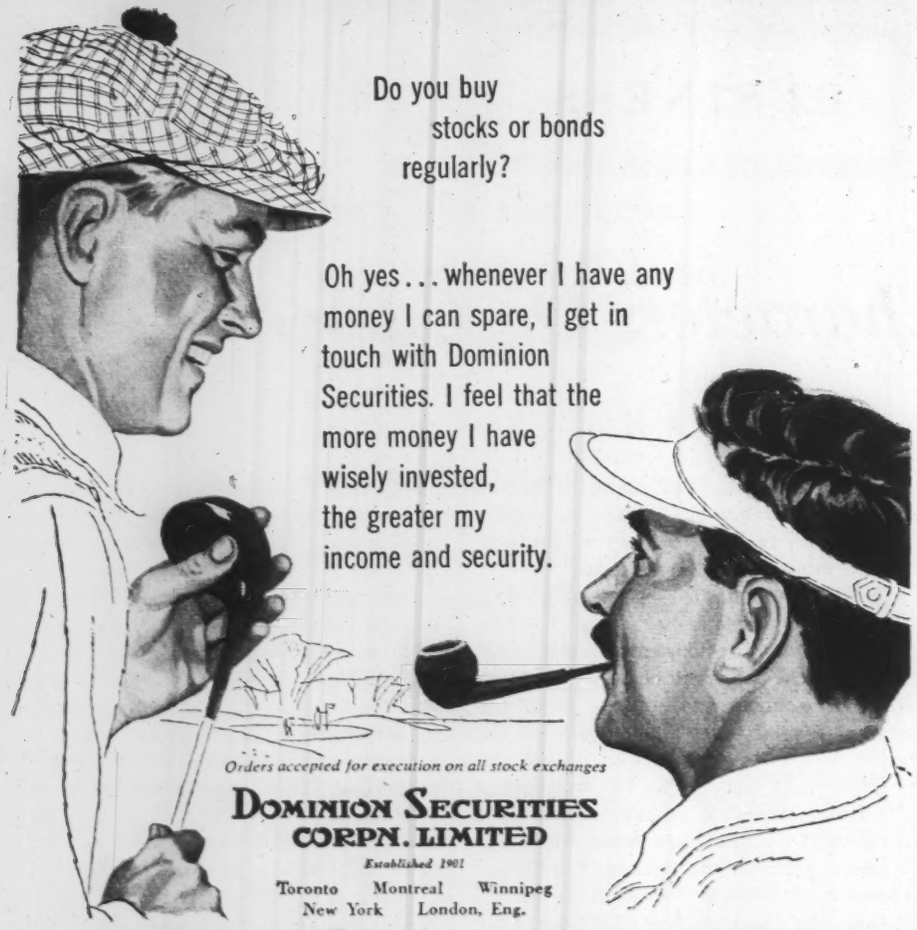
When expansion plans became too ambitious for their own resources, they invited Lloyd Moffat, a young Westerner, to enter the firm as director and secretary-treasurer. Moffat's ability to arrange financing looks after expansion.

Finance is extremely important to their business because the production of a single twenty-second animated film may take 350 man hours of work, although in the finished form, it is only twelve feet long. Four hundred drawings are required to accompany eighteen seconds of sound. While Phillips-Gutkin's regular weekly payroll is only about $2,000, the total amount is swelled considerably by the use of part-time inkers, painters and production people.

The use of sound adds to the problem of finance. A good sound track, with the use of union music, composers and narrators sometimes runs as high as 25 per cent of a film's budget. All this must be paid for months before the film is completed and invoiced.

"It's not a big outfit yet, in corporate terms," Moffat says, "but it has the makings, and it is colorful. We get plenty of free advertising. All those unusual artists with beards or walrus mustaches who wear tams up and down Portage focus attention on our firm."

Gutkin is optimistic. "Our little animated characters do a lot of our selling," he says. Phillips never says much. He's usually too busy midwifing the birth of a new cartoon character.


Do you buy
stocks or bonds
regularly?
Oh yes... whenever I have any money I can spare, I get in touch with Dominion Securities. I feel that the more money I have wisely invested, the greater my income and security.

Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED

Established 1901

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
New York London, Eng.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend has been declared on the capital stock of the Company, as follows:

First Preference Shares, Cumulative Redeemable, Series "A" (interim for one month).	12½ cents per share.
Second Preference Shares (formerly Class "A" Shares).	51 cents per share.
Common Shares (formerly Class "B" Shares).	51 cents per share.

The dividend will be payable June 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at close of business on the 16th day of May, 1956. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board,

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, April 27, 1956.

LOBLAW COMPANIES LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for quarter ending May 31, 1956, has been declared on the capital stock of the Company as follows:—

Preferred Shares Cumulative Redeemable	60 cents per share
Class "A" Shares	10 cents per share
Class "B" Shares	10 cents per share

The dividend will be payable June 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at close of business on the 9th day of May, 1956. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, April 27, 1956.

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Gold & Dross

Asbestos Corp.

I hold Asbestos Corporation and if I sold at this time I would get my investment back. Would you advise me to sell and to switch to Ford of Canada or to CPR stock?—H. J., Kitchener, Ont.

What you paid for a stock has nothing to do with whether you should hold it or not. Investment is primarily a process of reappraisal in the light of current conditions.

Prospects for Asbestos Corp. are good. This is also true of Ford of Canada and CPR. All three are closely tied to the future of Canada with Asbestos Corp. perhaps having greater dependence on the world economy. Additionally, it is a mining operation and this might lend it more appeal to some, less to others.

As a manufacturing proposition it would be difficult to find a company with brighter prospects than Ford of Canada. This country so far has only one car for each 41 persons, whereas the U.S. has a car for 20. Thus, if Canada is to come up to the American standard of car ownership, sales here can double. They were about 375,000 units last year. Also adding to the hopes of motor car makers is the growth of Canada's population and wealth production.

Thus, if you like manufacturing better than mining or foreign trade, you'll be inclined to switch to Ford.

Nothing is more basic to Canada than CPR and the diversity of its operations lends it a balance seldom found outside of an investment trust. One wonders why more investors don't buy CPR and relax while Canada grows.

Kerr Addison

I have had Kerr Addison stock for a number of years. Would you kindly advise me as to what you think of the future of these shares? Should I hold or sell?—R. J., Toronto.

The Kerr property is so outstanding that any discussion of its physical characteristics is superfluous. The question is whether the gold industry is a good one to stay with or not.

The position of gold in world affairs has been taken for granted until comparatively recent times, but various nations are now demonstrating that they can conduct internal trade and considerable foreign trade without it. A very large part of the free world's stock of monetary gold is held by the U.S. government and is buried at Fort Knox.

The trend of prices during and following the Second World War has been upwards, but the price of gold is fixed by the U.S. government — $35 an ounce.

Thus, the gold mines have been squeezed between the nether millstone of a fixed price and an upper one of higher wages and material prices.

Throughout history, the trend of commodity and gold prices has been upwards. Normally, one could look for the price of gold to be adjusted to higher commodity prices. However, any upward adjustment in the price of gold at this time —the U.S. government boosted it to its present level from under $21 an ounce in the early 1930s—would be inflationary. The clutch hitters of the managed-economy era are hard pressed as it is to keep the lid on inflationary forces.

About the only relief the gold mines can look for is from lower costs as a result of increased efficiency and mechanization, but progress in these directions is slow.

There does not appear to be any danger of Kerr's giving its claim back to the moose. Nevertheless, it is difficult to imagine that much speculative enthusiasm for the stock will be generated under present conditions.

Nesbitt Labine

I have a considerable amount of Nesbitt Labine Uranium bought at $3.75 and at present selling below that. I would appreciate your opinion on holding it with a chance of its climbing to my buying price.—M. G., Ottawa.

It can be assumed that if the stock worked back to where you could get out even, you would close out the transaction. Just which way Nesbitt Labine will swing no one knows unless he has a machine for seeing under the ground and another one for predicting how much the U.S. government will want uranium.

However, we will go out on a limb to this extent and say that, if Nesbitt Labine gets back to $3.75, it probably won't stop there.

If you don't want to gamble on this, then cut your loss here.

Dofasco

Over the past few months you have expressed bullish sentiments about three of Canada's basic steel producers: Stelco, Dosco and Algoma, but said nothing about the fourth producer, Dofasco. Does this silence mean you are bearish on Dofasco?—B. G., Beaverton, Ont.

By no means. It just happens that you are the first one to write about Dofasco and we are glad to be able to tell you that this is a highly regarded steel operation.

Apart from the growth of the steel industry generally, for which all associated with it in Canada are so hopeful, we might single out for special mention several things about Dofasco.

Firstly, it is the North American pioneer

The Baron's Reply . . . .

A prominent leader of finance, the late Baron Rothschild, was once asked for advice on investments by a young man. The Baron replied, "Young man, do you wish to eat well or sleep well?"

The Baron's question is pertinent in making an investment. Some investors prefer safety, others income, and some wish growth. While it is often difficult to combine safety, income and growth in a single security, it is possible to realize all of these factors in a well-balanced portfolio.

Whether you are just beginning to invest or are an experienced investor, our assistance in planning or reviewing a portfolio is always available without obligation.

Just write or telephone to our nearest office.

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Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax Saint John
Quebec London, Ont. Hamilton Ottawa Kitchener Regina
Edmonton Calgary Victoria London, Eng. Chicago New York

J. E. GRASETT & CO.
MEMBERS THE TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE
244 Bay St., EM. 8-4781 — Toronto — 2881 Dundas St. W., RO. 9-1167 Branch

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 275

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of FORTY-FIVE CENTS per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after FRIDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF JUNE, 1956 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30TH DAY OF APRIL, 1956.

By Order of the Board,
K. M. SEDGEWICK
General Manager

Montreal, Que., April 17, 1956

Advertising and **publication printing**
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WINNER of HOLIDAY MAGAZINE AWARD, 1953

NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an interim dividend of Fifty Cents (50c) per share, Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable June 15th to Shareholders of record May 18, 1956.

By Order of the Board,
C. H. WINDELER,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario
April 27, 1956.

Accident costs Set automobile insurance rates

Automobile insurance rates are set in direct relation to the number and cost of accidents of Canadian drivers. Last year, for example, automobile insurance claims amounted to more then *one hundred million dollars*—a motor car was smashed every two minutes and someone was injured or killed every 12 minutes.

When the costs of automobile accidents decrease, so do automobile insurance rates. But, when the number and cost of accidents increase, then insurance rates increase too.

Drive carefully!

ALL CANADA INSURANCE FEDERATION

ALL CANADA INSURANCE FEDERATION

on behalf of more than 200 competing companies writing Fire, Automobile and Casualty Insurance.

SIMPSONS, LIMITED

COMMON SHARES

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of twelve and one-half cents (12½c.) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable June 15, 1956 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on May 15, 1956.

The transfer books will not be closed.

By order of the Board.
Frank Hay,
Secretary and Treasurer

Toronto, April 25, 1956.

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

of an oxygen process for making raw steel, with decided advantages in the way of speed and costs.

Secondly, the company's expansion has emphasized sheet and galvanized steel, thereby throwing it more heavily into the most ready and inclusive market for steel.

Thirdly, the latest announced round of expansion is designed to increase productive capacity and the range of manufactured products.

Fourthly, there's the aggressive, forward-looking management, the capacity of which is best indicated by the way it has created extra-good labor relations through a profit-sharing plan.

Dominion Tar

What is the potential of Dominion Tar & Chemical? Are there any technological or economic conditions that might affect the current price of the stock?—M. C., London, Ont.

Dominion Tar and Chemical does not appear to have advanced unduly in the last couple of years — no more than most issues. Technological reasons that might pull the rug out from under it are not readily apparent.

Last year's profit was the best in the company's history and favorable operating results have continued into this year. The company has some ambitious expansion plans in hand, but does not anticipate financial problems for some considerable time.

In Brief

What's the score on Dog River Mining Co. Ltd?—W. C., Kippen, Ont.

No bark out of it for some time.

What is the status of Shawkey Gold Mines? I believe Shawkey himself was a pitcher with the New Yorks. — M. G., Peoria, Ill.

The low price of gold called a third strike on Shawkey, but it is getting another turn at bat in the base metal exploration league.

Is Dynamo Mining & Milling Co. Ltd. still percolating?—F. M., London, Ont.

It short circuited in 1938.

What is the outlook for Red Cloud Mining & Smelting Ltd.—K. A., Port Arthur, Ont.

Nebulous.

Was Spyglass-McLeod Mining Co. Ltd. ever successful in finding anything?—G. M., Kingston, Ont.

Apparently it didn't spy in the right places.

How did Boulder Gold Mines Ltd. make out exploring?—B. J., Montreal, Que.

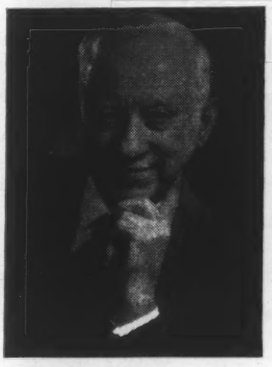
It found mostly boulders and not much ore.

Senior Bookman

He started in publishing at 13. Today, at 80, he says he would do it all again with no regrets. "It's our duty to publish Canadian authors," claims John McClelland.

YEARS AGO Thomas Carlyle expressed an idea that has been virtually a code of thinking for John McClelland, the placid patriarch of Canadian publishing. Said Carlyle: "In books lies the soul of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and the substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream."

Eighty-year-old John McClelland, president of McClelland & Stewart, Toronto book publishers, marking the 50th anniversary of his firm's founding, believes he is now publishing one of the half century's most important works and its most articulate and audible voice —Winston Churchill's vast document, *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*. Mr. McClelland arranged personally for the Canadian publishing rights of the four volumes 17 years ago when they were first contemplated by Churchill. He considers it will be the most vital book of the year, and possibly his own personal crowning achievement as a publisher.



John McClelland

His memory of the early days is as active as he is: he still goes to his office in suburban Toronto each working day. "Oh, I remember this city long ago," he begins, searching back in the library of his mind. "Why, they used to go ice-boating and skating on Toronto harbor. There was a toll gate on Bloor Street then for wagons coming in from the country. What excitement there was when the first electric light came to town! And I can recall when the men went off to fight in the Northwest rebellion."

It was just about that time, at the age of 13, he left school to go to work at the Methodist Book House. He always had been vitally interested in books. He smiles, with a fond memory of the past, "Publishing keeps you interested, keeps you fresh. It's a fascinating business. I can tell you, I have no regrets whatsoever."

He opened his own shop on April 6, 1906, under the name of McClelland and Goodchild, on Toronto's King Street. Since then, the firm has moved a number of times, the name has changed since the death of Mr. Goodchild, and at present it is located in East York, where it employs a staff of 90.

His one other devout interest in life has been education. At one time, he was superintendent of the Bonar Presbyterian Sunday School. ("Why, one Sunday we had 1036 people at class. That's an awful lot you know.") In 1921 and '22 he was Chairman of the Board of Education. ("I never cared much for having my picture taken. I'll bet if you went down to the Board building today, you wouldn't find my picture hanging there along with the other past chairmen.")

His interest in books is shared by his wife Ethel, whom he married in 1914. His one son, John Gordon McClelland, is executive vice-president of the firm, and heir-apparent. He has two daughters and 13 grandchildren.

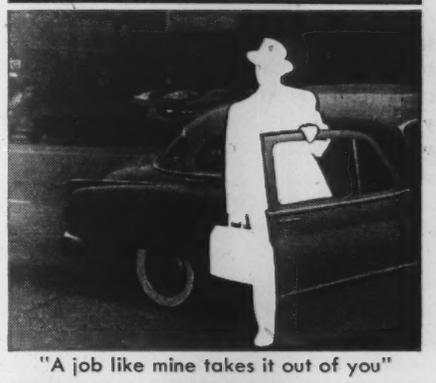
He prides himself on the number of Canadian books he has published. "One Fall," he says, "we turned out 35 different Canadian books. I think it's our duty to do that. And we're always on the look-out for new ideas and new authors."

Mr. McClelland feels that publishers shouldn't always wait for the writers or the ideas to come along. He says, "The publisher must play his part in getting things done. He must come up with many of the ideas and he should go out searching for new talent."

He thinks there has been a steady improvement in publishing over the years. His comment: "There's a higher level of work being done these days. A book must have real worth today. As for paperbacks, I'm always a little amused when they are mentioned as a new threat to hard-bound books. We were turning out the paper-back books 40 or 50 years ago."

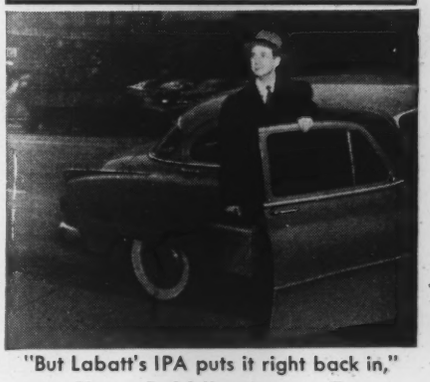
Recently other Canadian publishers gathered to pay homage to Mr. McClelland. At a testimonial dinner in his honor at the Arts and Letter Club, he expressed his deep faith in the future of books in Canada. He said, "If I had it to do all again, I would start afresh in publishing".

A MAN'S ale



"A job like mine takes it out of you"

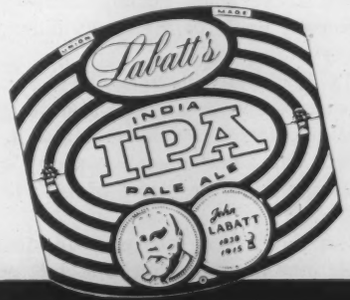
with BODY in it



"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in," *says Henry C. Odell, salesman, Toronto.*

Something yearning in you for a *man's* ale...an ale with *real* body and flavour to it? Nothing satisfies a yearning like that better than IPA. Try it. A man-size thirst, a man-size taste in ales calls for Labatt's IPA. Henry Odell knows it. You should get to know it, too.

Find out about IPA . . . *the ale that satisfies the man in you!* Make the great discovery next time you're at your favourite hotel or tavern, or next time you order ale for your home. Start enjoying the ale with body . . . flavour . . . *ZEST!* The man's ale—IPA!



The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

Bob took his feet off the desk and smiled up at his colleague. "You're a bit of a clam, you know," he said. "I've been to your place twice and I met your charming wife, but you never have me see your daughter."

Jack laughed: "Maybe it just happened that way, or maybe we don't like her meeting elderly bachelors even if they are trusted civil servants."

"That's a good crack," rejoined the other, putting aside his crossword puzzle, "but how old is she anyway?"

"Well, I've got three of them," chuckled Jack, "and you'll have something to occupy yourself with, as their ages add up to the number of our house and multiplied together they make 840."

Bob thought a moment. "I don't get it —not for sure, that is," he exclaimed, looking at some figures he had scribbled. "Are two of them teen-agers?"

"No!" said Jack, and that seemed to satisfy his colleague.

"Okay," he announced, "that's all I want to know."

He was quick, but then Bob did know the number of the house: we have to figure it out the hard way. So what were the ages? (22)

Answer on Page 50.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

For a few years from 1910 on, considerable attention was given to white King battery problems. It was sparked by an informal three-move contest held by the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times,* won by the late Otto Wurzburg.

In 1913 M. Havel composed a fine miniature example of a difficult chameleon echo of this class: White: K on QB7; R on Q3; Bs on QR5 and QR6, P on Q4. Black: K on Q4; P on Q2. Mate in five.

1.R-K3, KxP; 2.B-Kt6ch, K-Q4; 3.B-R7, P-Q3; 4.K-Kt6, etc. 1.R-K3, P-Q3; 2.R-K2, K-Q5; 3.K-B6, P-Q4; 4.K-Kt5, etc.

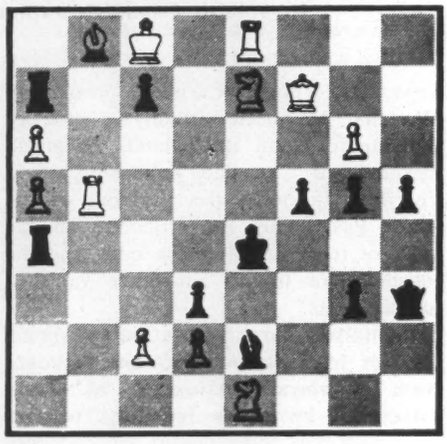
Solution of Problem No. 139.

1.Kt-B6, B-R3; 2.Kt-K8, etc. 1.Kt-B6, B-R7; 2.Kt-Q7, etc. 1.Kt-B6, B-B8; 2.Kt-R5, etc. 1.Kt-B6, B-Q4; 2.Kt-K8, etc. 1.Kt-B6, B-Q6; 2.QxB, etc. 1.Kt-B6, PxKt; 2.PxPch, etc.

The B must move to free the QKt for defense, but then the Kt interferes with the B in three variations.

Problem No. 140, by "Centaur".

White mates in two.



One For The Money

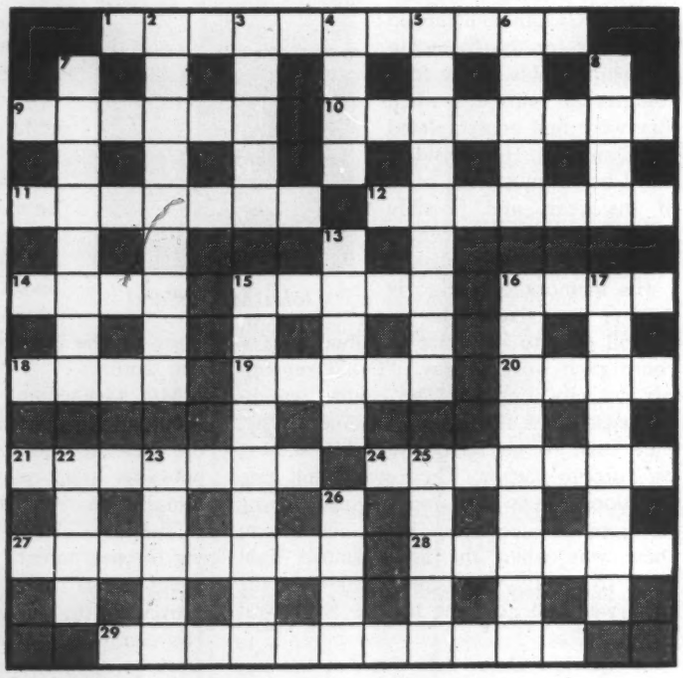
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 Refund at the football game? (11)
9 There's a jingle about this part of the week. (3, 3)
10 The one Lyly finished with. (8)
11 But one isn't grudging doing this with a dime. (7)
12 The Swiss, he makes sounds like the "cat". (7)
14 A hint of one in the ear would certainly be discomfitting. (4)
15 The mink finished up as a thief, it seems. (5)
16 See 22
18 Employed to get dues or be sued. (4)
19 Seventeen unobserved. (5)
20 Of all evil, 13 is it! (4)
21 A short month to work may cause a tight squeeze. (7)
24 Attribute this to a writer. (7)
27 Insect on demand? You asked for it! (8)
28 You make up the answer for this! (6)
29 They'd be the last people to let you down. (11)

DOWN

2 Not above being recompensed? (9)
3 Norway could be materially different if it wasn't for the west. (5)
4, 13 A comfortable salary? (4, 5)
5 It appears to be a dollar a grain. (9)
6 Money smells, by the sound of it. (5)
7 Will you allow a satellite people to dance around them? (8)
8 Escape from the sound of 14. (4)
13 See 4
15 Just think! You may make 4, 13 if you do, wisely. (9)
16 He may transport you to a club, perhaps, on the water. (3, 6)
17 Where to save for the winter of life? . . . (8)
22, 16A . . . and what one would save in it? (4, 4)
23 How Sirius his hound is when doing a star turn. (5)
25 To get ill about fifty makes one smart. (5)
26 It should stand the test? (4)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 Sink of iniquity
8 Upper
9 Pot
10 Corn
12 Drugstore
13 Erato
14 Amen
15 Lifesavers
18 Recommence
20 Scar
23 Enrol
24 Australia
25 Hopi
26 Ski
27 Amigo
28 Cash on delivery

DOWN

1 Sound barrier
2 Neptune
3 Onrush
4 Improvise
5 Istle
6 Uncle Sam
7 Terrace
11 Conservatory
16 Excessive
17 Smallish
19 Cordova
21 Collide
22 Ernani
24 Arson (389)

Inco Metals at Work in Canada

Modern telephone cables are made up of many insulated copper wires. These cables can handle several thousand telephone calls simultaneously. Copper for nearly 75% of our telephone cables is mined, milled, smelted and refined by Inco right here in Canada. Then it goes to other Canadian companies for the manufacture of wire and cable. This cable is sold to telephone companies for installation in underground systems, like the one shown here, or in overhead telephone lines. All these operations make jobs for Canadian workmen.

Cables like this, made from INCO COPPER, handle thousands of telephone calls at once!

. . . and help provide jobs for Canadians

First, the ore from Inco's mines near Sudbury, Ontario, goes through the Inco mill, the Inco smelter and the Inco copper refinery. It helps make jobs for about 18,000 Inco employees.

Next, the refined copper is sold to Canadian companies that manufacture copper wire and cable. There, Inco copper helps provide jobs for several thousand more employees.

Then, the cable goes to Canadian telephone companies where it helps make jobs for many thousands more Canadians.

Inco produces over 250,000,000 pounds of copper a year. And more than half of this copper goes to Canadian Industries. *Almost 75% of the telephone lines in Canada are made from Inco copper.* From the ore to the finished cable, this Inco copper stays in Canada to help provide employment for Canadians.

INCO TRADE MARK

If you would like to receive a copy of "The Nickel Industry in Canada", a Presentation to the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects by The International Nickel Company of Canada, one will be mailed to you on request. The supply is limited.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
25 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Producer of Inco Nickel, Nickel Alloys, Copper, Cobalt, Tellurium, Selenium, Iron Ore and Platinum, Palladium and other Precious Metals.

EATON'S

The spell of Summer
prettily cast in
the collection of
sun-kissed Separates
at EATON'S

EATON'S ... CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION ... STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Open House

by Mary Lowrey Ross

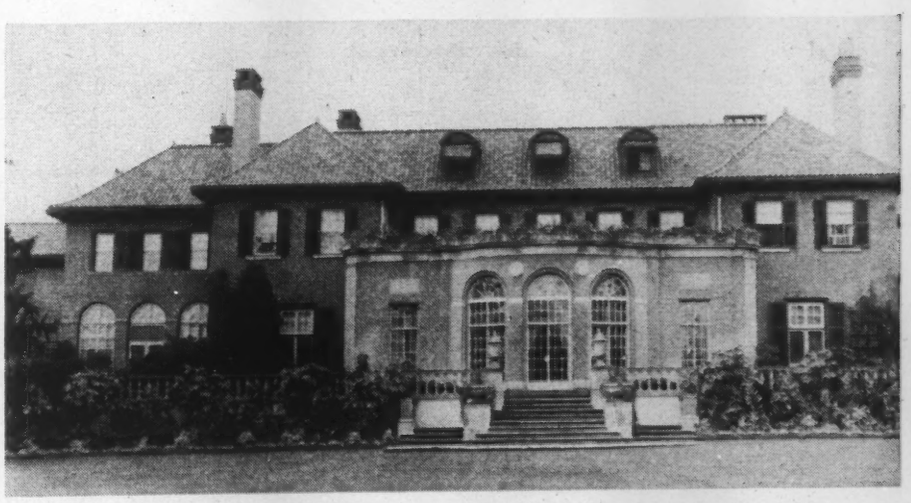
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McLaughlin built "Parkwood", their Oshawa home, 38 years ago. Since then, the creation of its beautiful gardens has been one of Mrs. McLaughlin's chief joys.

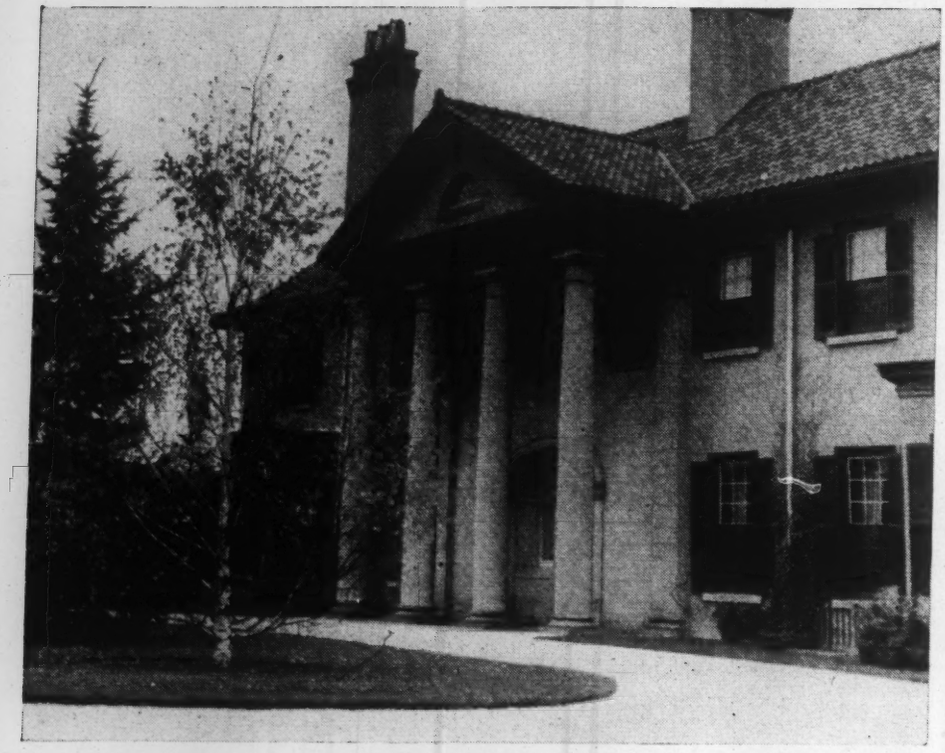
JUST BEFORE the turn of the century, Mrs. R. S. McLaughlin came to Oshawa as a bride. She has lived there ever since, and two years from now hopes to celebrate with her husband their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

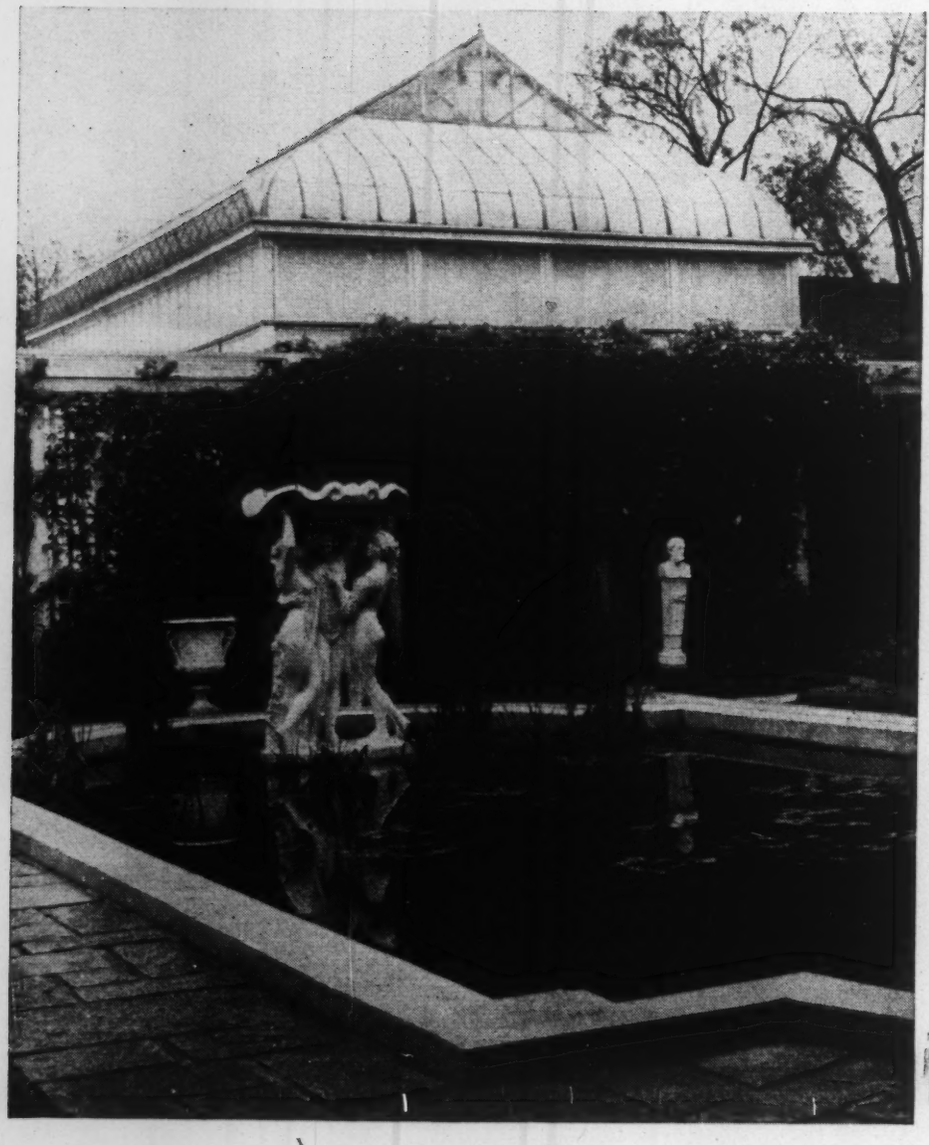
In his autobiography, *My Eighty Years on Wheels,* R. S. McLaughlin tells of his first encounter with Adelaide Louise Mowbray, who was later to become Mrs. McLaughlin. He had gone to visit an uncle in a nearby village and at church the following morning became so absorbed in watching a girl in the choir that he failed to notice the collection plate when it was passed. He made her acquaintance as quickly as possible, turned up again the next Sunday, and the following Sunday proposed marriage. They were married in February, and the marriage turned out to be one of those rare precipitate romances that develop into a lifelong partnership of shared interests, sympathy and tranquillity.

Thirty-eight years ago, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin built their present family home in Oshawa, and in it their five daughters—Eileen, Isabel, Mildred, Hilda and Eleanor—grew up. It is a house designed for family and social living, both on the most generous possible scale. House and gardens occupy a complete city block, and in its entirety the estate could serve equally well as an embassy—if Oshawa were ever called on to house an embassy —or as a recreational community. Primarily, however, it is a family home, always open to the children, the twelve grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren, together with the friends of all four generations.

The house, an L-shaped structure, opens on a marble-panelled hall, with a wide, curved wrought-iron staircase. A series of formal drawing-rooms forms the south wing, while the corridor running north leads to a large billiard room, a bowling







alley (which is also used as a supplementary art gallery), an indoor swimming pool, and a pleasant lounge, where the light everywhere is tempered and infiltrated by the perennial green from the conservatories.

Flowers and pictures are the chief hobbies of both Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin. They are especially interested in Canadian artists and the downstairs gallery contains the work of Lawren Harris, Arthur Lismer, A. Y. Jackson, Emily Carr, Mary Wrinch, and Isabel McLaughlin. A special wall is reserved for the pictures of horses from the McLaughlin stables that have won the King's Plate.

Flowers and flower raising are Mrs. McLaughlin's very special interest. "She is the delight of every professional gardener who has ever worked for her," a friend said, "because she seems to know the name of every plant and every variety of plant ever raised." From early spring till late fall the perennial borders and the pool-centred flower borders of the Italian garden are kept continuously in bloom. The McLaughlin chrysanthemum show has, over the years, become an annual event in Oshawa, part horticultural and part social.

Though the management of the McLaughlin home is a work of highly complex organization, Mrs. McLaughlin has always found time for outside activities. She's President of the Oshawa General Hospital Auxiliary, and, as a former teacher, has always taken an active part in Home and School work. Some years ago she helped prepare a report for the Canadian Educational Association, and her work in this department was recognized by the conferring of the degree of LLD from both Mount Allison and Queen's Universities.

While these are serious and absorbing interests, her favorite organization is the Canadian Women's Senior Golf Associaton, of which she is President. No one under fifty is qualified to join, and among themselves the Senior Golfers manage to have a wonderfully relaxed and enjoyable time.

Years of public work and responsibility have given Mrs. McLaughlin an air of authority and presence, but this doesn't in the least obscure her natural spontaneity and friendliness. She has a real capacity for both work and enjoyment, which the years have done little to diminish.

"There have been happy times and sad times in this house," she said, "but far more happy times than sad ones."

From any view the McLaughlin home presents an imposing and gracious façade, but it is particularly pleasing from the gardens, which, with the conservatories, are the envy of horticulturists.

The entrance hall of the McLaughlin home is panelled in marble and is dominated by a beautiful spiral staircase with a wrought-iron balustrade. One of the hangings is a piece of satin damask originally used in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation.

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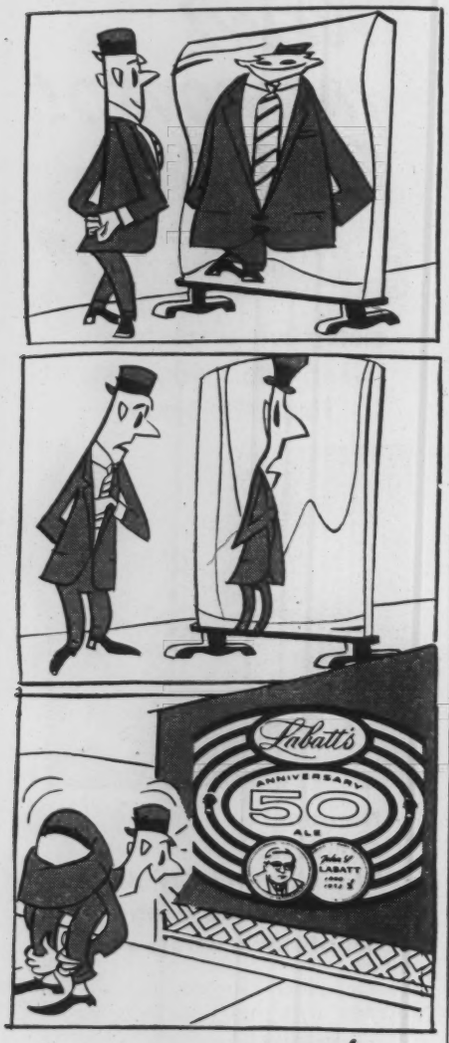

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Letters

Blood Transfusions

. . . You protested against the suggestion that doctors should be given the authority to compel patients to accept blood transfusion if such was deemed necessary to save the patient's life. If a person is attempting suicide and the doctor, or anyone else, does not try to prevent such an act he would be considered negligent in the eyes of the law. By the same token if a patient is too unstable mentally to co-operate for the saving of his own life, should not the doctor have the authority to do what he knows is essential just as much as one has the authority to cut the rope that is strangling the attempted suicide?

ALEXANDER, MAN. W. R. DONOGH

Editor's note: People willing to die for their beliefs are not necessarily insane. Were the Christian martyrs crazed suicides?

Emotion and Reason

. . . You say "It is easy to become emotional about alcoholism" . . . We would still have child-labor in the mines, slave-labor in the South, and insane people chained in filthy cages, if someone hadn't become emotional about these things . . . No one will deny that pity, and righteous anger, are emotions. Toge her they have done more to raise us from the brutality and squalor of our cave-man ancestors than has "rationality". I grant that *both* are necessary, but it has become the fashion to speak of emotionalism scornfully, as if it were a deterrent to reform.

WIARTON, ONT. MRS. K. BUNNER

Death Penalty

Mr. Diefenbaker disclosed in Parliament that 21 men had been hanged in the last 25 years, in spite of recommendations for clemency by juries who convicted them. This is likely to result in future manslaughter verdicts instead of recommendation when juries think clemency is merited in murder cases . . .

Until capital punishment is abolished, jury recommendations should not be treated with contempt.

The enthusiasm for the death penalty revealed by these figures is entirely at variance with public opinion and weakens the dignity and prestige of our jury system.

If a recommendation is to be so often ignored, let the law be changed and allow the jury to decide when the death penalty should not be imposed.

VANCOUVER GERALD V. PELTON

Canadian Symbol

One of our friends is taking her little girl down to New York to see the Statue of Liberty because that is one of the current subjects in the child's school . . .

We might consider putting up our own statue on our own grand portal of the St. Lawrence . . .

It would be pleasant to think that visitors, immigrants and returning Canadians entering the seaway could look up to a statue symbolizing the girth and opportunity of Canada.

TORONTO ERIC CURWAIN

Stamp Designs

Your comment on the recent issue of wild life stamps was rather disappointing . . . Unless the designs of these stamps are labelled as faulty by a qualified authority on the subject I do not see what you hope to gain by going along with the critics . . .

It seems to me that the animals do not compare too unfavorably in appearance and value with some of the human beings that have appeared on postage stamps.

QUEBEC CITY J. D. MACARTHUR

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ANSWER TO PUZZLER
Ages were 6, 7 and 20.

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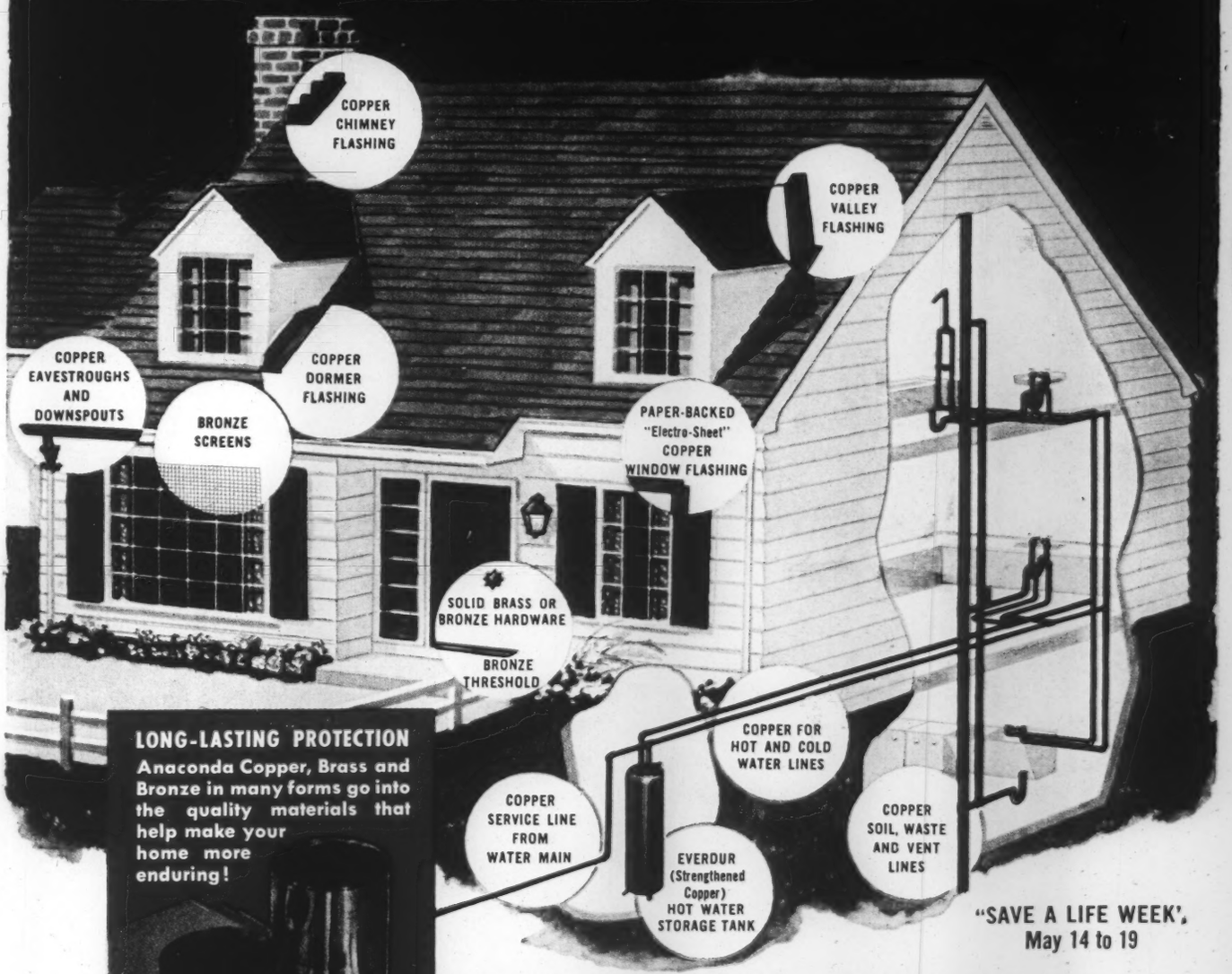
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